THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS.

In English Verse.

BOOK I.

Os tenerum Pueri balbumque------ figurat;
Torquet ab obscœnis jam nunc sermonibus aurem;
Mox etiam pectus præceptis format amicis. Hor.

LONDON:
Printed, and are to be Sold by J. MORPHEW, near Stationers-Hall. 1712.

1. August

GR III

1 August
70

THE PREFACE.

THE Adventures of Telemachus, is a Book so well known, and esteem'd, by Persons of the first Rank for Education, Wit, and good Sense; that to presume at a farther Recommendation of it, wou'd look like refining upon their Judgment, and be almost as great a Breach of good Manners, as to contradict 'em.

The Original was, it seems, design'd for the Instruction of a young Prince. And the Method made choice of in Writing it, such as was thought most proper to insinuate the Instructions; by delivering useful and important Precepts in an agreeable and delightful Manner.

But altho' the primary Intention of it was to apply it to the Highest Station of Life; yet it is easy for them, who are in Inferiour Degrees, to adapt many of the Rules here given, so that they may be serviceable to themselves.

The Government of Passions, Probity and Resolution, are of Universal Concern.

But then All are not capable of a like Information. *But* Telemachus *is fitted for the* Scholar, *as well as the* Gentleman.

The Stile *is so Poetical that it may seem a Wonder, that no Attempt has been made upon it, hitherto, in Verse.*

The Materials *being so well furnish'd out, that nothing but an easy Talent at Versification seems wanting to make the whole a very entertaining Poem. A* Poem *for which,*

Isis again might claim an Ivy Crown,
To bind th' Immortal Brows of ADDISON.

This Endeavour upon the First Book *was undertaken for the Diversion of a young Gentleman, with the Care of whom I had the honour, for some time, to be entrusted.*

And as I doubt not of a Candid Acceptance from my Friend, so I will not, yet, despair of a favourable Censure from the Publick.

But if I shou'd be so unfortunate to be disappointed in this Expectation, I shall take my Leave of Telemachus, *wishing that* Apollo *now, as well as* Minerva, *may accompany Him, by a better Hand than mine, to the End of his Voyage.*

THE

THE Adventures of *Telemachus.*

Book I.

WHEN first *Ulysses* from *Calypso* fled,
The pensive Goddess hung her drooping Head;
The Face divine assum'd a pallid Hue,
Her Cheeks no more their wonted Lustre knew,
But look'd like Lillies charg'd with Morning Dew.
All Ways she try'd, but all she found in vain,
To ease her Mind, and sooth her anxious Pain;
The Name of Goddess makes her State the worse,
And adds to hateful Life's tormenting Curse:

Shews

Shews her for ever deſtin'd to endure
Thoſe cruel Pangs which Death cou'd only cure.
Her Grotto, late the ſportive Eccho's Choice,
Loſes the charming Accents of her Voice.
Her lovely Nymphs, to ſwell the mournful State,
With down-caſt Eyes in ſolemn Silence wait.
Weary'd with this, She often walks alone,
To try the Change of Solitary Moan;
Where ſhe the Burden might a while depoſe,
And give a Looſe to her triumphant Woes.
The flow'ry Turf, and ever-living Spring,
The Shades and Streams ſome ſhort Relief might bring.
But dire Remembrance, Regiſter of Ills,
This faireſt Place with riſing Sorrow fills;
And only ſerves to heighten her Deſpair,
While the ſad Thoughts afflict the Weeping Fair,
How oft ſhe'd ſeen the Dear *Ulyſſes* there.
Then to the Shore her roving Steps incline,
Where with the Winds her Sighs in Conſort join,
Her Tears augment the Waves with tributary Brine.
Sometimes, her Griefs too great to Weep, ſhe'd ſtand
Fix'd as the Rocks, upon the Neighb'ring Strand;
And as ſhe ſtood, ſtill view'd the diſtant Skies,
Where her *Ulyſſes* vaniſh'd from her Eyes;
Where laſt ſhe ſaw Him plow the liquid Plain,
And cut the Surface of the yeilding Main.

One Day she thought, as standing on the Coast,
he saw the Remnants of a Vessel lost;
oon she the scatter'd Pieces cou'd descry,
he Helm, the Mast, and Cables floating by:
rom which sad Object as her Eyes withdrew,
wo more surprising now appear'd to View;
he first, a Sire of venerable Age;
he next a Youth, whose Charms her Looks engage;
Whose blooming Grace a strong Resemblance bore
the great Hero whom she lov'd before.
ev'ry Motion you'd the Father spy,
Candour joyn'd with awful Majesty:
ith the same Air and Mein *Ulysses* shone,
ot brighter in the Father than the Son.
lemachus thus known; with busy Look,
his Companion a Survey she took:
t tho' a Goddess, yet in vain she tries
find a greater Goddess in Disguise:
e Stranger still does all her Efforts scape,
r owns *Minerva* hid in *Mentor's* shape.
whoso'er He was, *Calypso*'s Joy
other Thoughts did soon her Heart employ;
bless'd the Chance which brought the Strangers o'er,
d the kind Storm that cast them on her Shore;
at made her Happy once again to see
lysses in his Beauteous Progeny.

But wiſely knowing that there are but Few
Who do not fly the Love which does purſue,
With Viſage ſtern, ſhe feign'd a haughty Part,
To hide the Paſſion which enflam'd her Heart.
And thus, with ſeeming Anger in her Breaſt,
The charming Youth, as if unknown, addreſs'd.

Whence are you, Sir, and what is your Deſign?
Perhaps againſt my Empire to combine.
But tho' a Woman, I ſo little fear,
No rude Attempt ſhall paſs unpuniſh'd here;
And whatſoe'er you raſhly think to do,
You'l find a Female Arm too ſtrong for you.

But while her Words the rigid Menace ſhow'd,
The ſofter Fire which in her Boſom glow'd,
Broke in her Cheeks, like Lightning thro' a Cloud.
Telemachus, to ſooth her ſeeming Pride,
A low Obeyſance made, and thus reply'd.

O beauteous Goddeſs! (for that Sacred Name
Your awful Look, and ev'ry Act proclaim,)
How frozen is the Heart that will not flow
With Pity at the Story of my Woe!
O cou'd your Soul inſenſible remain,
To hear but half the Griefs which I ſuſtain;
Cou'd you deny Compaſſion to a Son,
Who counts his Father's Sufferings as his own;

Who

ut ſojourn here, and in aſſurance live,
f all the kind Reception I can give;
our pleaſing Converſe in this lone Retreat,
Vill make the Shades and Fountains doubly ſweet.
he Bleſſings of a ſhort Retirement ſhare,
nd I will guard you with maternal Care;
hat you ſhall praiſe this Hoſpitable Shore,
nd own *Ulyſſes* cou'd not love you more.
This ſaid, ſhe onward walks with decent Pride,
he Youth attending on his beauteous Guide.
s Monarch Oaks that in the Foreſts reign,
er-top their lowly Subjects of the Plain;
ith ſuch a graceful Height the Goddeſs ſtands,
midſt the Nymphs that wait for her Commands.
elemachus the Form divine admires;
outh ſoon is caught when ſparkling Beauty fires.
er purple Robe officious Winds diſplay,
bout ſo fair an Image pleas'd to ſtay.
er Length of Golden Locks (the Females Pride)
ehind, in graceful Negligence was ty'd.
er Eyes, thoſe Starry Orbs, ſhone radiant bright,
Sweetneſs temper'd their Superior Light;
oo piercing elſe to be ſuſtain'd by ſight.
Mentor his Face in Silence downward drew,
nd durſt not, ev'n in Age, the ſweet Temptation view.
Thus pleas'd, with Reverence profound they trod,
The Paſſage to *Calypſo's* bleſs'd Abode.

Behold a Rural Scene, whoſe Charms excel,
What, when inſpir'd, luxuriant Poets tell.
No Gold or Silver here allure the Eye;
But Nature in her pure Simplicity.
No Marble Statues of Gigantick ſize,
Columns, or Airy Pyramids ariſe.
The Goddeſs in a rocky Manſion dwells,
Whoſe pleaſing Mazes lead to various Cells:
Ten thouſand Vocal ſhells the Cave adorn,
Like thoſe at *Neptune*'s Feaſts by *Tritons* worn.
A youthful Vine its curling Arms extends
Round all the ſides, its Head the top aſcends.
With balmy Wings the fragrant *Zephyrs* play;
And cool the ſultry Beams of Summer's Day.
Thro' flow'ry Meads the Cryſtal Riv'lets flow,
And murmur ſoft Complaints, as loath to go;
As loath to leave th' ennamell'd Banks, beſet
With *Amarantus*, and the *Violet*;
The limpid Currents, forming as they glide,
Refreſhing *Banio's* in their winding Tide.
Pomona's choiceſt Gifts the Grott ſurround,
Who decks with Golden Fruits the verdant Ground,
Whoſe budding Bloſſoms more perfume the Trees,
Than ſpicy *Ind*, or a *Moluccan* Breeze.
A Grove the Meadow's Proſpect terminates,
Whoſe pleaſing Shade at Noon a Night creates:

Where

Who for his ſake thro' Storms and Waves convey'd,
Is ſpar'd by them your Captive to be made.
What is the Man, ſays ſhe, of whom you ſpeak?
He anſwers, I renown'd *Ulyſſes* ſeek.
Ulyſſes is my Royal Father's Name;
Than which a greater is not told by Fame.
This is the Man by whom the *Grecians* own
The long contended *Ilium* overthrown.
This did his Prudence and his Conduct gain,
On which ten rowling Years were ſpent in vain.
This is the Hero, eminently great,
Whoſe Triumphs *Greece* and *Aſia* celebrate;
Whoſe Honour Fame reſounds thro' ev'ry Shore,
Much for his Valour, for his Counſel more.
This is the Father who is loſt to me,
And to his conſtant, chaſte *Penelope*.
On rocky Coaſts by Winds and Tempeſts borne,
Leaving (Heav'n knows if ever he'll return)
A Wife deſpairing, and a Son forlorn.
My Cares and Dangers too have been as great,
With buſy Search to know my Father's Fate:
And what is worſe, I've all theſe Terrours paſs'd,
For one I ſcarce can hope to find at laſt;
Find, did I ſay? alas! perhaps he's dead;
And, ſtretch'd at quiet in his wat'ry Bed,
Hears not the jarring Waves rowl o'er his peaceful Head.

O Goddess! fairest of Celestial kind,
Vouchsafe your Pity to a troubled Mind;
And if my Sire in your Remembrance live,
Some Comfort to his hapless Offspring give.
If you can read the dark Decrees of Fate,
Give me some Knowledge of *Ulysses* State;
That, whether sav'd or perish'd, I may see
The Period of a Father's Destiny.

These words *Calypso's* seeming Rage controul,
And as their way insensibly they stole,
Quell'd the fictitious Tempest of her Soul.
Touch'd with each Accent, and amaz'd to find,
Such sprightly Youth with so much Wisdom joyn'd.
While from his Lips the soft Expressions flew,
She cannot now dissembled Fury shew.
Too soon she feels another Passion rise,
Attentive Silence heightens her Surprize,
And on his charming Face she feeds her famish'd Eyes.
Her Eyes cou'd ever on that Object stay,
And gaze a long Eternity away.

A Pause ensuing, she a while survey'd,
The growing *Hero's* Form, and thus she said,

Telemachus, 'tis now too long to tell,
What various Chance your Father has befel;
Your weary'd Body calls for due Repose;
Hereafter, I'll the wond'rous Scene disclose.

Her Nymphs, attending with a decent Care,
A Fire of *Cedar's* fragrant Wood prepare;
The curling Smoak in Clouds aſcends the Room,
And feaſts the *Lares* with a rich Perfume.
Two Habits from the Wardrobe next they brought,
One was a Work of Gold in Purple wrought;
One, of ſurpaſſing White, did fairer ſhow,
Than new-fall'n Flakes of yet-untainted Snow.
Telemachus admir'd the glitt'ring Sight;
As Pomp and Splendour moſt our Youth delight:
A Female Softneſs in his Viſage roſe,
Which *Mentor* ſeeing, thus did interpoſe;
Can then ſuch trifling, petty Thoughts as theſe
A Son, deriv'd from great *Ulyſſes*, pleaſe?
Miſtaken Youth! is this the way to crown
Your years, like his, with Honour and Renown?
His Rival in the Paths of Vertue run,
And bravely bear the Fate you cannot ſhun.
Fondneſs of gawdy Robes will Glory ſtain,
And ſhew you Thoughtleſs, Womaniſh, and Vain.
Conduct and Courage are the nobleſt Prize,
And look the faireſt in a Hero's Eyes.
He boldly ſails in Fortune's rougheſt Seas,
And ſcorns th' ignoble Blandiſhments of Eaſe.
Telemachus the wrong Suſpicion griev'd,
A hollow Sigh his Manly Boſome heav'd,
And *Mentor* from his Lips theſe Words receiv'd. Say,

Say, jealous *Mentor*, whence it is you find
That Softneſs gains th' aſcendant o'er my Mind?
Such Thoughts my Soul diſdain. O! let me die,
Rather than live with Marks of Infamy;
To let my baſe Effeminacy ſhame
My Father's Houſe, and ſully all my Fame.
Yet Kindneſs, ſure, a grateful Senſe demands,
More welcome when confer'd by Beauty's Hands:
And ſure *Calypſo*'s Merit claims no leſs,
Whoſe bounteous Care relieves our ſad Diſtreſs.
Mentor reply'd, Too heedleſs Youth, beware,
And dread the ſweet Allurements of the Fair.
So pleaſing are the Miſchiefs which you'll meet,
That you your ſelf will favour the Deceit.
Fruitleſs are all Reſolves, tho' ne'er ſo ſtrong,
If once you liſten to the *Syren*'s Song.
Not all the Rocks and Quickſands on the Shore,
Dangers of Shipwrecks, and ten thouſand more,
Are half ſo dreadful as a Woman's Charms,
When ſtruggling Vertue has reſign'd its Arms.
But vent'rous Youth, unknowing how to ſteer,
By Want of Knowledge has the Want of Fear;
In its own Strength too confidently brave,
Till ev'ry Paſſion render it a Slave.
Calypſo will a kinder Leſſon teach;
But guard your Soul againſt th' enchanting Speech.

Where *Phœbus* all his Pow'r in vain diſplays,
mocks his never-penetrating Rays;
o Voice or Sound pervades the dark Retreat,
ut what the feather'd Choriſters repeat.
he Winds are huſh'd, their Harmony to hear;
he bending Foreſt gives attentive Ear,
or wants *Amphion*, or an *Orpheus* there.
he purling Streams their tardy Fellows call,
from the rocky Summit down they fall,
roſs the Mead to haſten to the Song,
d chaſe each other in the rapid Throng.
'd on a Cliff's Aſcent the Grotto ſtood,
d proudly overlook'd the neighb'ring Flood;
hoſe Surface, level now as poliſh'd Glaſs,
eflects the waving Streamers as they paſs:
ow, daſh'd with ſtormy Winds, th' outragious Main
ries it's Revenge upon the Rocks, in vain;
vain the Wave their flinty ſides provokes,
hich, ſtill inſenſate, take redoubled Strokes;
laſt, the fooliſh ſwelling Bubble tires,
eaks on its Foe, and in a Groan expires.
e Grotto's other ſide commands a Field,
here Streams and Iſles a blended Proſpect yield;
e flow'ry *Linden* here it's Beauty ſpreads,
d Poplars hide in Clouds their lofty Heads.

The

The ſportive Waters pleaſe the wond'ring Eye,
As they fantaſtick Motions ſeem to try:
Theſe running ſwift as Arrows from the Bow,
While thoſe, like aged Sires, ſcarce ſeem to go;
Some in their wild Meanders fondly run
Back to the Fountain where they firſt begun.
So Lovers tarry where they give a Heart,
And tell the Fair one 'tis a Pain to part.
The tow'ring Mountains which at Diſtance riſe,
With a Romantick Form the View ſurpriſe;
Such as the Poet or the Painter draws,
Whoſe brighteſt Fictions follow Nature's Laws.
The nearer Hills with Vines were cover'd o're,
That bent with Purple Cluſters, which they bore;
The ſwelling Fruit at ev'ry Leaf is ſpy'd,
Which ſeeks in vain it's bluſhing Charge to hide.
Thro' the wide Field one Paradiſe appears,
And ev'ry Tree ſome happy Offspring bears.

Thus to her Gueſts the Goddeſs having ſhown
The fertile Grounds which her Dominion own.
She ſaid; Your Labours of this Day require
Their proper Reſt, and change of wet Attire;
When next we meet, ſome Stories I'll impart
Shall raiſe the ſleeping Paſſion of your Heart.

Now to a private Cell they take their Way,
Which join'd th' Apartment where the Goddeſs lay.

The palatable Bane its Way will force,
And ſecretly dilate its wanton Courſe;
Diſtruſt your ſelf, and modeſtly attend
The weighty Counſels of a faithful Friend.
Some little Time in ſoft Repoſe they paſs'd,
Which done, They riſe, and to the Goddeſs haſte:
Whoſe Nymphs, attending, brighteſt Charms diſplay'd,
In white, like Virgin Innocence, array'd.
They, as commanded had prepar'd a Treat
Of plain Repaſt; but exquiſitely Neat.
No Viands to regale the Taſte were found,
But what were furniſh'd from the neighb'ring Ground;
By Hunter's flying Arrows captive made,
Or by the Fowler's wily Nets betray'd.
Nectareous Wine the golden Goblets crown'd,
And blooming Flow'rs the ſmiling Brims ſurround.
Baskets of various Fruits the Board receives,
Which early Spring or rip'ning Autumn, gives.
To finiſh all, and to compleat the Joy,
The pretty Nymphs their Harmony employ;
Four of the Train their tuneful Voices raiſe,
To ſing of Arms, and Love's more conq'ring Praiſe.
They, ſung the Giants who aſſail'd the Throne
Of mighty *Jove*, by Vengeance tumbled down.
How *Semele* *Jove's* kinder Fires wou'd prove,
But periſh'd in the fatal Flames of Love:

How *Juno*'s Hate in vain her Offspring curs'd,
By *Jove* preſerv'd, by old *Silenus* nurs'd.
How young *Hippomenes* obtain'd the Race,
And *Atalanta* falter'd in her Pace.
If Gold alone we find ſo much can do,
She muſt be kind that's woo'd with Beauty too.
Then the long Wars of ruined *Troy* they ſung,
And fam'd *Ulyſſes* fill'd their raviſh'd Tongue.
One graceful Nymph, to raiſe the Tranſport higher,
With flying Fingers touch'd her trembling Lyre.
Ulyſſes with the Voice and Lyre goes round;
The vaulted Roofs reverberate the Sound.

That Name the Princely Youth no ſooner heard,
But in his Face a riſing ſhow'r appear'd:
That darling Name the Chryſtal ſluices fills.
And brings to mind a Scene of num'rous Ill's.
Calypſo ſaw it, and, to eaſe his Pain,
Turn'd the Performance to another Strain.
They ſung the reeling *Centaurs* Bloody Fray,
Who fell'd by Valiant *Theſeus*, proſtrate lay.
They ſung how Muſick's Pow'r the Soul invades,
With which deſcending *Orpheus* brib'd the Shades:
The moving Airs were ſuited to the Theme,
And might once more *Eurydice* redeem.

The Muſick ceas'd; when, touch'd with ſoft Deſire,
Calypſo's Soul confeſs'd an Am'rous Fire;

She took the Young *Telemachus* apart;
And thus reveal'd the Paſſion of her Heart.
Illuſtrious Youth, the Bounty which I've ſhown,
I may preſume your grateful Heart will own.
My Sex and Station wou'd perhaps deny,
So ſoon to lay the Forms of Grandeur by;
Conſider, if I theſe Advances make,
It is not only for your Father's ſake.
Tho' great his Worth, it glads me more to view,
A yet ſuperior Eminence in you.
Nor let the Favour which I thus expreſs,
Becauſe they're unconſtrain'd, be valu'd leſs.
My Honour, as a Queen and Goddeſs weigh,
To whom theſe Iſles a Sov'reign's Homage pay:
And where no Stranger may preſume to land,
Unleſs he Debtor to my Mercy ſtand.
The fair Reception, therefore which you prove,
Shews my Compaſſion, not to ſay my Love.
Ulyſſes has the ſame Indulgence known,
Yet, as in haſte, ungratefully is flown:
Stupid, of Wiſdom and of Candour void,
He ſcorn'd the mighty Bleſſings he enjoy'd.
Good Fortune cloy'd him, and he wou'd not ſtay;
But cry'd, my Country calls me hence away.
Happy for ever here he might have been;
But Fate revenging me, has chang'd the Scene.

And he, to merited Deſtruction doom'd,
By Shipwreck loſt, is in a Wave entomb'd.
By his Experience taught, young Prince be wiſe;
Truſt not the Future, but the preſent prize.
Your Father's Kingdom you may never ſee;
Stay and accept a better here with me.
To theſe ſhe added many ſoothing Words,
And all her quondam Kindneſſes records:
Hoping that what was for *Ulyſſes* done,
When told, might prove the means to gain his Son.
Then his Achievements ſhe prepar'd to tell,
How by his Conduct *Polyphemus* fell;
The vaſt *Cyclopian* Monſter, void of ſight,
Deſcended to the ſhades of *Stygian* Night.
How from the *Leſtrygons* he made eſcape,
Thoſe worſe than rav'nous Wolves in human ſhape;
Who kill, relentleſs, all within their Power,
And ſwell'd with impious Rage, their fellow kind devour.
Circe's pernicious Charms her Tale purſu'd,
Whoſe fatal Hands th' enchanting Philtre brew'd:
Fatal as *Scylla's* Rocks, and whirling Tide,
Both Dangers known, and by the Hero try'd:
Whoſe laſt Farewel ſhe told with falt'ring Tongue,
And how juſt *Neptune* had reveng'd her Wrong;
How, by rough Winds and foaming Billows toſs'd,
The Veſſel and the Mariners were loſt;

But

But willing the Young Hero to beguile,
Conceal'd his Landing on *Phæacia's* Isle.
The Prince's Soul with ſudden Joy was rais'd,
So well receiv'd, and by a Goddeſs prais'd.
But ſoon he found the Female Artifice,
And then reſolv'd on *Mentor's* grave Advice;
Which having ponder'd in his thoughtful Breaſt,
The long expecting Fair he thus addreſs'd;
Goddeſs, if Sorrow in theſe Eyes appears,
And Riſing Words are drown'd in Sighs and Tears;
O let your Pardon joyn with Nature's Laws,
Pity the Grief which your Relation draws.
You cannot wonder at my preſent Wo,
A Father's Death commands it ſhould be ſo.
My Thanks receive for all your Bounties due;
But Oh! *Ulyſſes* claims a Tribute too.
If Time can heal the Troubles of my Mind,
You better then my grateful Senſe may find.
Calypſo ſaw the Tumult of his Soul,
And feign'd the dire Misfortune to condole;
Knowing that Griefs, like Torrents in their Courſe,
By ſtrong Reſiſtance but augment their Force.
She drop'd a kindly ſhower of weeping Rain,
To give Relief by Sympathetick Pain.
A while indulgent to his Woes he ſat,
Till the ſwoln Flood by running did abate,

Then

Then to divert at once and ſound his Heart,
Begg'd that his own Adventures he'd impart;
When he this Voyage took, what Chance he bore,
Till the late Shipwreck caſt him on the Shore.
I fear, reply'd the Youth, it were a Crime,
On ſuch a mournful Theme to waſte your Time:
Shou'd I recount one half of my Diſtreſs,
The reſt you'd ſpare, and beg me to ſuppreſs.
But ſtill th' impatient Goddeſs urging on,
The Youth obey'd her Suit, and thus began;
When *Priameian Troy*, her *Hector* ſlain,
No longer cou'd the *Grecian* Arms ſuſtain;
Her Sons to ſtern *Achilles* Victims made,
And all her Golden Spires in Aſhes laid:
From *Ithaca*, my Native Soil, I went,
Ardent to learn that fatal Day's Event.
I ſought to find, with Toil, and Studious Care,
The *Grecian* Chiefs returning from the War:
Hoping *Ulyſſes* might adorn the Train,
Or I ſome Knowledge of his Fortunes gain.
Penelope, by Rival Flames addreſs'd,
Her nuptial Vows with Conſtancy profeſs'd;
While I in private from the Croud withdrew,
Nor ſtaid to take the Solemn laſt Adieu.
Leaving the Lovers hopeleſs of Reward,
From her whoſe Vertue was her Beauty's Guard.

Our full-ſpread Sails the tempting Gale obey,
And now for *Sparta*'s Shores we haſte away:
Where hoſpitably treated, next we came
To *Pylos*, ſo renown'd for *Neſtor's* Fame.
But Doubts tormented ſtill this anxious Breaſt,
By Hopes and Fears alternately poſſeſs'd;
While Fame no tydings of *Ulyſſes* brought,
To calm the Tumult of my lab'ring Thought;
Whether he liv'd expos'd to Fortune's Frown,
Or in a Grave had laid the Burden down.
The Toilſome Hours mov'd heavily away,
And I, unſettled, in no Place cou'd ſtay.
Hearing my Father was ſome time before,
Driven by Winds on the *Sicilian* Shore,
To *Mentor's* ſage Advice oppos'd I ſtood,
Reſolv'd, once more, to tempt the raging Flood;
Nor cou'd this Prudent, Venerable Guide,
With all his Counſels ſtay my Paſſion's tide;
Tho' he the Voyage Painted to my View,
And thus with lively hand, its Terrors drew.
Brave Youth, your filial Piety does raiſe,
An equal claim of Wonder and of Praiſe.
Yet pauſe, and think——true Courage beſt appears
Between a raſh Attempt, and Coward Fears.
When Honour calls from Dangers never run;
Yet Prudence bids you fruitleſs Dangers ſhun.

Who

Who wou'd commend a Man that ſcorns Advice,
Or for his Fame leaps down a Precipice?
You by wrong Means a noble End purſue;
Reflect, what heated Fancy prompts you to.
Why you're ſo vainly reſolute to meet,
Vulcanian Monſters, and a *Trojan* Fleet.
The rav'nous *Cyclops* here oppoſe your way;
And there *Æneas* does his Sails diſplay.
How well he now might think himſelf repaid,
For ten Years War, and *Troy* in Aſhes laid;
Your Blood, no doubt, wou'd prove a welcome Prize,
To glut th' avenging Malice of his Eyes.
To *Ithaca* return; if Heav'n be kind,
You there, perhaps, may loſt *Ulyſſes* find;
But if the Gods his Ruine have decreed,
Let not the Rivals to his Bed ſucceed;
With Juſtice there exert your Regal Pow'r,
Worthy your great and wiſe Progenitor;
That chaſte *Penelope* may find Repoſe,
And in her blooming Son forget his Father's Woes.
O that my Soul a due regard had paid,
To what this faithful kind Preceptor ſaid.
Who to a Voyage for my ſake reſign'd,
And his own prudent ſober Choice declin'd.
From hence does *Mentor* in my Sorrows ſhare,
And thro' my Follies all theſe Troubles bear.

While thus he ſpake, the Goddeſs fix'd her Eyes
On *Mentor*, with Attention and Surpriſe.
In him ſhe ſomething more than Human ſaw,
Which check'd her Speech, and ſtruck profoundeſt Awe.
Her Thoughts confus'd, ſhe fear'd to have it ſhown,
Before the Perſon of this grave unknown.
And therefore bid *Telemachus* proceed,
Who thus her longing Expectation freed.

When firſt for *Sicily* we looſen'd Sails,
Our Veſſel rode before auſpicious Gales.
Smooth was the Surface of the liquid Green,
And all the vaſt Horizon was ſerene.
But black with Clouds apace the Welkin grew,
Snatching the promis'd Glories from our view.
And now a ſolid Darkneſs reigns around,
And noiſy Billows from the Rocks rebound.
The dusky Air receives no piercing Rays,
But what the Lightning's horrid Gleam diſplays;
Whoſe frequent Flaſhes ſerv'd us to deſcry,
To the ſame Fate expos'd, ſome Veſſels nigh;
Theſe were *Æneas* with his *Trojans* join'd,
More fatal Names to us than Waves or Wind:
Whoſe Force we leſs were able to ſuſtain,
Than all the Terrours of the threatning Main.
Too late I wiſh'd, confounded and diſmay'd,
Prudent *Mentor*'s Counſel had obey'd.

That *Mentor* who undaunted now appear'd,
And in the midſt of Dangers nothing fear'd:
Such is the Hero of the trueſt Mold,
In Conduct wary, and in Action bold.
Mentor alone cou'd Valour re-inſpire,
And raiſe our languid Souls with Martial Fire.
'Twas he who made us Reſolute and Brave,
Who rais'd our Hopes a ſingle Ship to ſave;
And with a Victor's Look the Naval Orders gave.
In Love with *Mentor*, of my ſelf aſham'd,
I thus my Follies, and his Worth proclaim'd;
Forgive, thou deareſt Friend, my Fooliſh Pride,
In not ſubmitting to ſo Wiſe a Guide;
As mine's the Fault, I gladly were Content,
Cou'd I alone now bear the Puniſhment.
To blame my Raſhneſs paſt is vain, I know,
Yet muſt a Grief, tho' unavailing, ſhow.
And if the Gods, beyond my Merit kind,
For *Mentor*'s ſake our Safety have deſign'd,
Yet I till Death my Follies will deplore,
And never truſt to vain Ambition more.
Mentor with ſmiling Candour thus reply'd,
This fair Confeſſion will not let me chide.
Repentance muſt be ſcan'd from what we do,
From what our future Acts and Conduct ſhew.

In Danger we to Heav'n for Mercy cry;
And when it's paſt, forgiving Heav'n defy.
Preſume no more, be circumſpect and fear;
Then will I own your Penitence ſincere.
What is our Lot the Gods alone can tell;
Whate'er befal us, learn to bear it well,
And ſtrive in Life and Death the Vulgar to excel,
To gain our Life alone's a ſordid Prize;
We've liv'd too long, when once our Honour dies.
Thus *Mentor* taught us Dangers how to bear,
And then retrieve us from the fatal Snare:
For now ſo near the hoſtile *Trojans* lay,
That they muſt ſee us with the riſing Day;
When *Mentor* our expiring Hope ſurpriz'd,
And thus a ſudden Stratagem deviſ'd;
A Veſſel of the *Trojans* Fleet he found,
At Diſtance from the reſt, with Garlands crown'd;
In all things elſe ſhe much reſembled ours,
Except her Pomp of Ornamental Flow'rs;
But *Mentor* ſoon did our Defect ſupply;
And Garlands on the Stern with Ribbands tie.
This Artifice throughout, was ſo compleat,
The moſt diſcerning cou'd not find the Cheat:
With Head; declin'd he bid the Sea-Men row,
And wou'd their Oars permit them, bending low.

Thus thro' the *Trojan* Fleet we paſs'd, unknown,
While they with Shouts receiv'd us for their own.
Long time with theirs our Veſſel friendly joyn'd,
At laſt we opportunely kept behind,
And they for *Africk* drove before the Wind.
We ply'd our Oars, and cut our Paſſage ſhort,
And ſoon arriv'd at the *Sicilian* Port.
But Miſchiefs ſtill on Miſchiefs did ariſe;
And we were ſav'd for harder Deſtinies.
Eſcap'd from Foes we did ſo lately ſhun,
We blindly now on ſure Deſtruction run.
For *Trojans* guarded the *Sicilian* Coaſt,
And ſav'd from Tempeſts, we on Land were loſt.
For Old *Aceſtes* here the Throne poſſeſs'd,
Who curs'd Abhorrence of the *Greeks* profeſs'd,
And had receiv'd *Æneas* for his Gueſt.
What cou'd we hope for from a Hoſtile Crew,
They burnt our Ship, and all our Men they ſlew;
Mentor and I ſurviv'd for more Diſgrace,
And bound were brought before the Tyrant's Face,
Expos'd a publick Spectacle to all,
And ſav'd a while with cruel Pomp to fall.
Aceſtes on his Throne exalted ſate,
With Golden Scepter, Mark of Royal State;
Attended by the Yeomen of his Guard,
And for a Solemn Sacrifice prepar'd;

The People waited for the ſacred Deed,
That Day in Honour of their Gods decreed.
The haughty King, with Looks and Voice ſevere,
Roughly demanded what, and whence we were.
Great Sir, ſaid *Mentor*, We've no bad Intent;
But come from fair *Heſperia*'s Continent,
And to that Land Vicinity we claim,
But he conceal'd the hated *Grecian* Name.
Then more in our Defence prepar'd to ſay,
But the Fierce King in anger turn'd away;
For he had view'd us with ſuſpicious Eyes,
As landed on ſome fatal Enterprize;
And therefore for us both theſe Orders gave,
Shew them the Treatment of a Common Slave,
Th' infidious Strangers to the Foreſt ſend,
And on the Cattel let them there attend.
My Soul was fill'd with Horrour and Diſdain,
To think of drawing ſuch a ſervile Chain.
King, I cry'd, reverſe that vile Decree,
And let at leaſt, my Fall be worthy me.
My forfeit Life I to your Will reſign,
Here end *Penelope*'s Unhappy Line:
To ſee *Ulyſſes* I muſt now deſpair,
To find a Father was my chiefeſt Care;
But ſince that's paſt, my Life's not worth a Pray'r.

Here

Here let me lay the toilsome Burden down,
Lost to my Country and my Father's Crown.
These Words the swarming Populace enrag'd,
Who with my Blood alone wou'd be asswag'd;
Troy by *Ulysses* was, they cry'd, undone,
Now let us wreak our Vengeance on his Son.
Their Monarch too, with Rage Triumphant, said,
This Day the *Trojans* shall be well repaid;
I'll make the *Manes* of their Heroes smile,
By two such Victims offer'd on the Pile;
This they'll a Noble Recompence esteem,
For those who swam *Cocytus* sable Stream;
The Souls who Vanquish'd by the *Greeks* in Fight,
Descending, left the chearful Realms of Light,
And one Atonement only does remain,
The Youth and his Companion shall be slain.
He paus'd, when Lo, an aged Sire arose,
And thus the Final Sentence did propose;
'Tis fit, great Sir, since you pronounce their Doom,
Their Blood be shed upon *Anchises* Tomb;
That Hero's Soul will triumph at the Blow,
And fill with joyful Shouts the gloomy Vales below:
Æneas, too, with Smiles your Love shall prize,
And own your Bounty in the Sacrifice.
This Sentence all applaud with one Consent,
And haste to execute the dire Intent.

Priests

Prieſts to the Sacred Shrine conduct the way,
Where the Remains of Old *Anchiſes* lay,
And lambent Flames were ready for their coming Prey.
Then our devoted Heads with Garlands crown'd,
The pointed Steel was rais'd to give the Wound;
When *Mentor* beg'd them to defer the Stroke,
While he a Moment, thus the King beſpoke;
Sir, if a Godlike Pity touch your Breaſt,
For Human Kind by cruel Fates oppreſs'd,
To this unhappy Youth the Tribute lend,
Who never as a Foe did *Troy* offend.
You owe the Ruine of that deſtin'd Town,
All to his Father's Arms, and not his own;
But if Compaſſion is too much to pay,
Your ſelf regard, and your own Int'reſt weigh;
With wiſe Fore-Knowledge by the Gods inform'd,
I here preſage your City ſhall be Storm'd;
Scarce ſhall you thrice ſalute the riſing Sun,
Before the diſmal Slaughter is begun.
I ſee the Torrent from the Mountains pour,
The Plains with glitt'ring Spears are cover'd o'er.
Behold, Deſtruction waſtes your fruitful Field,
Your Flocks and Herds muſt to the Victor yield;
To Arms, the Gen'ral in Confuſion calls,
And bids ſecure your Riches in the Walls.

Bring

Bring in your Flocks, he cries, within the Gates,
Then to your Guard, and ſtop your coming Fates.
If this ſo Strange Prediction prove not true,
Then in our Hearts your Bloody Hands embrue;
If it not happen e'er three days expire,
Conſume our Entrals in the raging Fire;
If it prove true, we merit ſure to live,
Who timely warning for your Safety give.
Thus *Mentor* ſpake with Venerable Grace,
And Courage more than Human in his Face.
The King ſurpris'd, the Godlike Mein ſurvey'd
A while, and thus reſpectful Anſwer made;
Worthy'ſt of Men, or rather ſomething more;
(For never Man ſuch awful Preſence bore)
How low ſo e'er by Fortune you are driv'n,
Yet have the Gods one mighty Bleſſing giv'n;
For Wiſdom is the brighteſt Gift of Heav'n.
This is the Noble Portion which you ſhare,
With which no outward Grandeur can compare.
Fortune that raiſes, can as ſoon pull down,
But Souls like yours, are fix'd above her Frown.
This ſaid, he ſet us free, with Thoughts intent,
How he the threaten'd Dangers might prevent.
And now Diſtraction all the City fills,
They fancy Armies on the Neighb'ring Hills;
Wild Horrour, with Deſpair, their trembling Spirits chills.

The

The feeble Sires, and Female Face, appears,
With tender Infants, bath'd in flowing Tears;
The lowing Oxen, and the bleating Sheep,
With louder Cries their mournful consort keep;
Forc'd from their blissful Meads, and Flow'ry Plains,
To come where nothing but Confusion reigns;
Where the mix'd Croud's in pressing Tumult go,
Thoughtless, at random, justling too and fro;
Nor Fathers now their Sons, nor Friends their
Friends cou'd know.
Suspecting *Mentor* in th' intestine Strife,
Some, as a vile Impostor, sought his Life.
Such Thoughts revolving, soon they heard Alarms,
And Clouds of Dust appear'd, and Men in Arms;
Their hostile Banners proudly they display'd,
In War's tremendous blazing Pomp array'd.
The fatal Prophecy was now believ'd,
And now they wish'd that *Mentor* had deceiv'd;
Whom Old *Acestes* found the best of Friends,
And thus the People to his Care commends;
O *Mentor*, we your Wisdom must confess,
Nor can we think your Truth and Valour less:
Our Rashness and Ingratitude forgive,
Who sought the Life of him, by whom we live;
We beg you that ill Treatment to forget,
And as in Valour, be in Pity great.

In vanquiſhing your own Revenge, be brave,
A wretched King, and falling Empire ſave.
Aceſtes thus imploring *Mentor*'s Aid,
Forgiving *Mentor* the Requeſt obey'd:
Prepar'd for Fight, the Ground Majeſtick trod,
And gruffly look'd, himſelf the Warriour God.
His Head an Helmet grac'd, his Arm a Shield,
Not *Mars* the Sword or Lance cou'd better wield;
When, ſwell'd with Rage, he ſought the known
Phlegrean Field.
Onward the Troops in fit Array he led,
To meet the Foe, advancing at their Head;
While Old *Aceſtes* follow'd far behind,
In Body feeble, Valiant ſtill in Mind.
But I with quicker Steps the March purſue,
Eager to find what *Mentor*'s Hand cou'd do.
But Oh! what Tongue his Actions can recite,
Or count his Trophies in the Bloody Fight?
In Fight his Helmet ſhone with radiant Flame,
Like that of *Pallas* of immortal Fame.
Where'er he Fought a Mortal Blow was felt,
From Rank to Rank the fatal Wounds were dealt:
Dying in Groans the Legions proſtrate lay,
And waſteful Ruine mark'd his greedy way.
The Lion ſo with Deſolation reigns,
When urg'd by Famine, on *Numidian* Plains.

In vain his Wrath by Peaſants is withſtood,
He roars, he rears, he kills, he ſwims in Blood;
Trembling with Fright, his Fury glad to ſhun,
The Shepherds, and the Sheep, in wild Confuſion run.
So *Mentor* conquers, ſo the Vanquiſh'd fly,
And Shouts of Triumph rend the diſtant Sky;
This brave Example ev'ry Breaſt inſpires,
And animates their Souls with double Fires.
And, if to name my ſelf may be allow'd,
I was not undiſtinguiſh'd in the Croud;
This very Hand the pointed Lance did fling,
Which ſlew the Son of the Barbarian King;
By me the tow'ring Youth, of Giant Race,
Breathleſs was thrown, extended on the Place.
With Scorn at firſt, his Rival he ſurvey'd,
But I, with all my Force, his Breaſt aſſay'd,
Nor of his Savage Looks, nor Strength afraid;
His guſhing Soul came thro' the reeking Wound,
The Clank of falling Arms, the Mountains far reſound.
The Spoils I to the King in Triumph bore;
And now the Tempeſt of the War was o'er,
Mentor had won the long-contended Day,
His Num'rous Foes were all become his Prey,
Round in ſquallid Heaps their mangled Bodies lay.
By this Succeſs to *Sicily* endear'd,
Mentor was prais'd, and as a God rever'd.

This done, for *Ithaca* we now design'd,
Once more to spread our Sails before the Wind.
Aceſtes, griev'd we ſhou'd ſo ſoon depart,
Extol'd our Kindneſs with a grateful Heart;
Wiſhing our Safety to th' intended Land,
And loaded Preſents with a bountcous Hand.
And ſince we might ſecurely put to Sea,
While from the *Trojan* Fleet the Coaſt was free;
And Danger might enſue by much delay,
Gave us a Ship, nor urg'd our longer ſtay.
But leſt the *Greeks* our Paſſage ſhou'd annoy,
Wou'd not a Pilate of his own employ,
But with *Phenicians* did entruſt the Care;
Who unmoleſted us'd to vend their Ware,
And free with ev'ry Nation, boundleſs Commerce ſhare.

Our Voyage thus far pleaſing to our Mind,
Fortune, like Summer Days, look'd fair and kind;
But veering ſoon about, She chang'd our Doom,
And drew a Cloudy Scene of Woes to come.
So vain is Life, ſo falſe are all our Joys,
One Munite raiſes Hopes, the next deſtroys.
For the *Phenician* and *Egyptian* State,
Purſu'd each other with a mortal Hate,
This from the Crew, too late to us was known,
And in their Danger now involv'd our own.

Seſoſtris, *Egypt*'s Monarch, did require,
A Yearly Tribute from the Court of *Tyre*;
Which now ſecure in Strength and Riches lay,
And Foreign Homage wou'd no longer pay;
But ſcorning with his Orders to comply,
In open Arms his Kingdoms did defy;
And with his Rival Brother Forces joyn'd,
Whoſe Bloody hands his Murder had deſign'd.
For this, the Monarch, ſwell'd with burning Rage,
And vowing an eternal War to wage,
Order'd his Ships, where ever they ſhou'd meet,
To ſpare no Veſſel of the *Tyrian* Fleet.

Scarce had we quitted the *Sicilian* Land,
The moving Clifts, and the retreating Strand.
When of *Egyptian* Foes a floating Train,
Advancing, furrow'd deep the frothy Main.
Our *Tyrian* Convoy knew their hoſtile Sign,
And ſought the rough Encounter to decline.
But all in vain; for both in Strength and Speed,
Their Sailors and their Ships did ours exceed,
Our ſhort Reſiſtance was a fruitleſs Courſe,
And ſoon ſubmitted to ſuperior Force.

Mentor and I, thus joyn'd in Adverſe Fate,
Were doom'd, a ſecond time, to mourn a Captive State.
Our Right to Freedom urg'd, we ſu'd for Grace,
As being Strangers, not of *Tyrian* Race;

But

But deaf to all, they with relentleſs Eyes,
For *Egypt* ſhouting bore away their Prize.
There we were landed on the *Pharian* Iſle,
And thence to *Memphis* row'd along the *Nile*;
Memphis, whoſe Wonders Fame ſo loudly ſings,
Her ſtately Pyramids, and Tombs of mould'ring Kings.
A pleaſing Voyage we might here have found,
Had we not been in Captive Fetters bound.
But hateful Bondage did our Thoughts employ,
And thoſe ſad Thoughts precluded all our Joy.
Here *Egypt* one Delicious Garden ſhow'd,
Where mingling Streams of living Waters flow'd;
On either Side the *Nile* abounds Delight,
Rich Iſles, and Villa's, graceful to the Sight;
And all around the wide-extended Fields,
The Fruitful Soil a Golden-Harveſt yields:
The well-fed Cattle crop the verdant Plain,
Ceres with Bleſſings crowns the rural Swain,
Who bends beneath the pleaſing Weight of Gain;
To tuneful Pipes the joyful Shepherds ſung,
And on the dying Sounds enamour'd Ecchoes hung.
As Prudence uſeful Inferences makes,
From what it ſees, and due Obſervance takes,
The grateful Scene on *Mentor*'s Fancy wrought,
Who mus'd a while, and thus diſclos'd his Thought.

When

When Wisdom's Hand directs a Prince's Sway,
His chearful Subjects willing Duty pay;
With Love they fear him, and with Joy obey.
Of Good diffusive, Peace he spreads around,
And Wealth and Gladness thro' his Realms abound.
The People's Care is for his Safety shown,
To whom they owe, in whom preserve, their own.
Learn thus, my dear *Telemachus*, to Reign,
If ever you your Father's Sceptre gain:
Your People with paternal Love regard,
And filial Duty will that Love reward.
The Blessings of Tranquillity bestow,
And they will bless the Hand from whence those
Blessings flow.
Under the Rigours of a Tyrant's Reign
Conspiring Subjects curse the servile Chain;
When hardly us'd, impoverish'd, and low,
They seek Revenge on him who made them so.
When Kings for Grandeur are alone design'd,
Their Empire is a Plague to Human-kind;
The Pageantry dissembling Croudsadore,
And tho' their Fear is much, their Hate is more;
Till from the tott'ring Ball whereon he stood,
The Tyrant to the Shades descends in Blood.
Mentor said I, the time in vain is spent,
On Maxims, and the Rules of Government:

For what are Kings and Kingdoms, now, to me,
Who hope no more, from foreign Bondage free,
My Father, or my Father's Throne to see.
All those fond Thoughts for ever must retire,
Here let us leave them, and our last expire.
At this a Flood of Grief my Words oppress'd,
And interrupting Sighs o'erwhelm'd the rest.
My faithful Guide, who future Ills presag'd,
Still with the present valiantly engag'd:
And thus upbraiding my desponding Heart,
Did an Heroick Fortitude impart.

O Youth, unworthy of your Father's Name,
He never, sure from great *Ulysses* came,
Whose Coward Soul's beneath a Sense of Shame.
When Fortune threatens dar'st thou not oppose,
To stem the Tide, and Face the Cloud of Woes?
Be not dismay'd, yet better Days may come,
And you yet see the long expected Home.
Think on *Ulysses*, toss'd by Winds and Seas,
Who bears Misfortunes greater far than these.
And tho' his Fates shou'd greater still prepare,
Scorns, Dastard-like, to languish and despair.
O shou'd he hear of a degen'rate Son,
Twou'd grieve him more than all his Woes have done.

Thoſe he ſtill met with an undanted Face,
But here wou'd ſink beneath the vile Diſgrace.
Thus *Mentor* ſpake, and bid me turn my view,
The ſweet *Egyptian* Proſpect to renew;
Where ſmiling Fields of Corn our Eyes invite,
And Num'rous Wealthy Towns adorn the Sight,
Which, nearer ſeen, ſtill more delightful grow,
For inward Order than external Show.
Here ſacred Juſtice keeps her awful Seat,
Nor lets the Poor be trampled by the Great;
Here Youth by Principles of Good are fram'd
To early Vertues, and the Bad reclaim'd;
Labour and Merit with Reward are crown'd,
And Arts and Learning, flouriſh and abound,
And Rites to Heav'n are paid, with Reverence pro-
found.
Nor are the Social Vertues leſs to ſee,
Of Kindneſs, from deſigning Int'reſt free;
Here Faith ſecurely may repoſe it's Truſt,
For honeſt Hands preſerve the Balance juſt,
'Twere Folly to ſuſpect, or disbelieve,
Where all Men do, as all Men wou'd receive;
Where none a mercenary Aim conceal,
But all in Honour joyn to raiſe the Publick Weal.
Happy, ſaid *Mentor*, O thrice happy Fate,
Of thoſe who live in ſuch a Peaceful State;

More happy still, if possible, the King,
From whose auspicious Hand those Blessings spring;
Who in his People's Joy, a Joy does find,
Increas'd by Vertues of his conscious Mind;
No jealous Fears are harbour'd in his Breast,
Nor factious Heats his quiet Reign molest;
Gladly his People guard his sacred Life,
And who shall best defend it is their only Strife.
Thus *Mentor* tun'd me to a Noble Strain,
Made me my former abject Fears disdain;
And now desirous, once again, to Reign.
No sooner had he gain'd the *Memphian* Port,
But we were order'd to the *Theban* Court;
The King commanded we shou'd there appear,
Who wou'd himself our Cause in Person hear.
Our Voyage up the *Nile* we still pursu'd,
To *Thebes*, and soon that Stately City view'd; (clude,
Whose Wealth an Hundred Gates with massy Bars in-
To which the *Grecian* Towns, in all their Pride,
Must yield the Palm, in Numbers far out-vy'd.
Here great *Sesostris* reigns, with Honours crown'd;
When e'er he speaks his People bless the Sound.
Each Voice of Praise it's willing Tribute brings,
Due to their Country's Father, and the best of Kings
Harmonious Order makes the Place compleat,
In all things worthy such a Prince's Seat.

Ea

Each ſpacious Street rich Structures does produce,
Admir'd for Neatneſs, Ornament, and Uſe.
Nor let the Baths be paſs'd in Silence by,
Aerial Obelisks that raiſe the wond'ring Eye;
Fountains, and publick Aquæducts, which living
Streams ſupply.
Majeſtick Plainneſs does their Temples grace,
As beſt becomes Religion's ſolemn Face.
The ſplendid Royal Palace ſeems to be
A *Thebes* preſented in *Epitome*;
With Silver Statues, curious to behold,
And moveable *Machines* of Solid Gold,
The burniſh'd Maſs ſtrikes back the Gazer's Eyes;
The *Pyramids* in due Proportion riſe,
And Marble Columns tow'ring kiſs the Skies.
Nor want they brighter Ornaments than theſe,
Of Arts polite, and Uſeful Sciences,
Which raiſe a Nation's Wealth, and profit while
they pleaſe.
Now turns the Scene our Story to relate,
While, as *Phenicians*, held in Captive State.
On certain Hours, in each revolving Day,
The King did conſtant Rites to Juſtice pay.
At which, the Subject griev'd, his Cauſe prefer'd,
And High or Low, impartially was heard;
In Matter of Advice, or of Diſtreſs,
He ſtill was ſure of Audience, and Redreſs.

For none in vain before their Sov'reign ſtood,
Suing for Private or for Publick Good.
But as the ruling Planet of the Day
Lightens the World, and cheers it in his Way,
So did his Bleſſings on his People fall,
His Care and Love extended to them all.
Nor to the Stranger did his Hand refuſe
A kind Regard and Hoſpitable Dues.
Nor did this Princely Candour only ſhew,
Beneficence of Mind, but Prudence too.
This did Eſteem and Admiration draw;
And hence he more of Men and Manners ſaw.
Hence foreign Realms extoll'd his gracious Throne,
And thus he made remoteſt Climes his own.
When firſt I ſaw him in his Regal State,
Upon his Iv'ry Throne, ſublime, he ſat;
He graſp'd a golden Sceptre in his Hand,
And awful Sweetneſs temper'd his Command.
Such was his Wiſdom, all his Vertues ſuch,
Secure from Flatt'ry, none cou'd praiſe too much.
From Bus'neſs freed, he vacant Hours reſign'd
In grateful Converſe, to relax the Mind:
And how to make a proper Choice, he knew;
Candid to All, Familiar but to Few;
This Honour was reſerv'd to thoſe alone
For Learning, Worth, and brighteſt Merit, known

He once, indeed, this Favour did pervert,
In patronizing One without Deſert;
One who his Maſter's bounteous Hand miſled;
But more, hereafter, ſhall of him be ſaid.
They who the Life of Great *Seſoſtris* know,
Pronounce it only did this Errour ſhow,
And too much triumph o'er a conquer'd Foe.
In both of which there is too little Blame,
To caſt a Cloud on ſuch a Prince's Name.
The King, when firſt before him we were brought,
Mov'd at my Youth, my Name and Country ſought.
A noble Pity in his Looks I ſpy'd,
Which gave me Courage; and I thus reply'd.
The Task, Great Sir, is needleſs, to relate
So known a Story as the *Torjan* Fate;
The noted Siege which in the Balance ſtood,
Diſputed long, and coſt ſuch Streams of Blood:
While twice five times the Sun both Tropicks view'd,
And *Grecian* Labours ev'ry Spring renew'd.
Ulyſſes, Sir, whom Fame around does ſing,
My Father is, and like your Self a King.
Troy's ſad Remains too well *Ulſſes* know,
Cauſe of their Ruine, and their preſent Woe.
This is the Prince, whom long I've ſought, in vain,
And ſeek with him his Kingdom to regain,
His hopes the ſtormy Seas, and mine, theſe Bonds detain.

Ah!

Ah! little does he know how great a Share,
His Son does in his Adverſe Fortune bear:
Deſtin'd already, more than once, to Chains,
And Heav'n alone can tell what yet Remains.
But, Sir, if Pity in your Boſome live,
Me to my Father and my Country give:
So may the Gods protect your Royal Line,
And guard your Offspring ſafe from Ills like mine.
So may they live with joy, long, long, to prove,
The Bleſſings of ſo good a Father's Love.
Seſoſtris heard me with a princely Mind,
Which ſhew'd Compaſſion; but with Wiſdom joyn'd.
He knew that formal Speeches oft are made,
To cover Subtle Wiles in Ambuſh laid;
And Kings by their Indulgence oft betray'd.
And therefore as he Clement was to ſave,
Yet Cautious too, He thus his Orders gave.
I charge it as your moſt important Care,
To ſearch from whence, and what theſe Strangers are;
A little time will make the Buſineſs out;
And they who took the Ship can ſolve the Doubt.
If they belong to the *Phenician* State,
A double Puniſhment ſhall be their Fate.
That Lot, as to the Worſt of Foes are due,
And, what's more hateful, as Diſſemblers too.

An

An open Foe I bravely cou'd forgive,
But one in Friendſhip's Colour, can't deſerve to live.
If *Greeks* they prove, I'll then reverſe the Doom,
And guard them with my Ships, in Honour, Home.
Greece many Laws receiv'd from *Egypt's* Hand,
And candid Treatment juſtly may demand.
Alcides is a Name of high Renown,
Nor is *Achilles* leſs in Glory known,
Nor leſs for Wiſdom prais'd, the fam'd *Laertes* Son.
And I propitious Heav'n ſhall ever bleſs,
While I can ſuccour Vertue and Diſtreſs.
Thus was the Great *Seſoſtris* nobly kind,
But in our Charge, his future Truſt conſign'd
To *Metophis*, of Baſe, Malignant Mind.
Never did Time ſo vile a Name record,
But let it here remain, to diſtant Times, abhor'd.
This Villain from the firſt ill-fated Hour,
Deſign'd to keep us Vaſſals to his Pow'r;
And therefore gladly ſought the ſmalleſt Thing,
To form an Accuſation to his King.
A wily Scheme of Queſtions he prepares,
Which *Mentor* ſaw; and wiſely ſhunn'd the Snares.
By this enrag'd at his eluded Art,
Full of Diſtruſt, he kept us both apart.
Thus, by the Rancour of his Malice, croſs'd,
My deareſt Friend, and only Guide I loſt.

Nor

Nor knew I, from that Black deteſted Day,
What *Mentor* did, or whither took his Way.
But ſtood confounded, ſtruck with ſad Surpriſe,
As Mortals, when the roaring Thunder flies,
Or *Jove* with forky Lightning blaſts them from the Skies.
And now the Villain deem'd his Work was done,
Since I was unaſſiſted, and alone.
He hop'd to bring me by his Flatt'ries o'er,
To contradict the Things I ſaid before;
Or ſomething by my Folly to reveal,
Which the more wary *Mentor* did conceal.
And tho' he found it vain, my Innocence
Againſt his watchful Hate was no Defence;
For he by ſubtle Arts the King deceiv'd,
Who, turn'd againſt us, all he ſaid, believ'd.
Alas! how much expos'd do Princes lie,
Who ſeldom ſee but with a Proxy's Eye!
How fickle are the Favours of a Court,
Where Few, but Men of Artifice, reſort.
From theſe dark Caverns ſecret Ruine ſprings;
Theſe oft miſlead the Wiſeſt, Beſt of Kings.
The Good and the Sincere far off retire,
Nor can by Dint of Impudence, aſpire.
Becauſe they ſcorn to make an Odious Riſe,
With fawning Eulogies, on ſplendid Vice.

True Merit's modeſt, of herſelf in Doubt,
And Princes ſeldom know to find her out;
Tho' in her ſelf ſhe ſhines divinely Bright,
Unhappy Kings are oft debarr'd the Sight,
By worthleſs Crouds that intercept her Light;
Who, forward, ſeek no Profit but their own,
Bask in their Monarch's Sun, and batten near the Throne.
Such Hypocrites to any Side belong,
As Int'reſt ſerves, and heed not Right or Wrong.
Sin their Prince luxurious Paſſions ſway,
The Tribe applaud the Crime, and Homage pay;
And all, obſequious, ſooth him in his way.
O how unhappy is the flatter'd Prince!
Whom none, in fatal Errours dare convince;
By whom Diſſemblers are embrac'd for Friends;
And whom a plain and honeſt Truth offends.
Theſe were the Thoughts which *Mentor* had impreſs'd,
Which, in his Abſence, help'd to give me Reſt:
In Abſence made him preſent, for a while,
And help'd the tedious Minutes to beguile.
But now ſevereſt Toils I underwent,
By *Metophis* to Deſart Mountains ſent;
Loſt to delightful Converſe, to my Friend;
Debas'd, with abject Slaves, his num'rous Flocks to tend.

Calypso, interposing, ask'd him, how
His Soul to such a Servitude cou'd bow;
Who, when in *Sicily*, devoid of Fear,
Had su'd for Death; and Bondage wou'd not bear?
To which the Noble Youth gave this Reply;
Because None ever, sure, was Curs'd as I;
Who wanted e'en the wretched Choice to die.
An honourable Death I wish'd in vain;
For Life was worse to me, who liv'd in Pain,
An ignominious Being to sustain.
And *Mentor* has inform'd me since, that he
In Exile liv'd, as mournful Days to see;
To swarthy *Ethiops* sold, and barr'd from Liberty.
I, or on burning Sands was forc'd to go,
Or climb the Mountains cover'd o'er with Snow;
Whose airy Tops eternal Winter bear,
Nor feel the greatful Changes of the Year.
Among the Rocks, the Cattel's slender Fare
Of shrubby Browze, was scatter'd here and there.
The Vales between the Precipices, lie
At such immense a Distance from the Sky,
That scarce one Ray of *Phœbus* passage found,
To chear the Horrours of the dusky Ground.
Some Men I saw, but scarce of humane Face;
Shepherds, as rough, and Savage as the Place.

Here

Here all the Nights my Cruel Fate I mourn'd;
Nor found my Griefs abate, when Day return'd.
That time to tend my Flocks I wholly gave,
To ſhun the Fury of a Fellow Slave;
Of *Buſus*, One who Freedom thought to gain,
By Calumnies on ev'ry Fellow Swain;
Who in his Maſter's Favour hop'd to riſe,
By ſeeming Diligence, and zealous Lies.
Under theſe Ills, I Patience try'd in Vain;
He muſt be ſtupid, who would not complain.
One Day, (how many toilſome Days did paſs!)
I laid my weary Limbs upon the Graſs;
My Flock forgot, and hopeleſs of Relief,
I gave a vent to Sorrows, and indulg'd to Grief:
Expecting Death; nor cou'd my Woes ſuſtain,
But beg'd the grizly God to rid me of my Pain.
When looking ſtedfaſt on the Mountain nigh,
It ſeem'd to nod upon me, from on high;
The *Pines* and *Oaks*, above, appear'd to bend,
And in their airy Journeys downwards tend; (Cave,
The Winds were huſh'd, and from the neighb'ring
A Voice, with hollow Sound, theſe Accents gave.
Son of *Ulyſſes*, learn to bear thy Fate;
And, like thy Father, be, by Suff'rings, Great.
Thoſe who to Fortune are indebted moſt,
Seldom deſerve the Favours which they boaſt.

Too large a Draught of the deceitful Bowl,
Enervates, and intoxicates the Soul.
In Pride, or Luxury, we're prone to ſtray,
By treading, long, on ſuch a Slipp'ry Way;
But Trials of Adverſity recal,
The roving Mind, and ſave us from the Fall.
You're happy, if theſe Ills you can ſurmount,
Troubles, when paſt are grateful to recount.
Thou *Ithaca* ſhalt live to ſee again,
And in thy Native Soil with Glory reign;
Then, learn thou to regard the Poor, diſtreſs'd,
Rememb'ring how thy ſelf waſt once oppreſs'd;
Let doing Good, be thy Supreme Delight,
And Flatt'rers be deteſted in thy Sight;
Thy preſent Ills in Reaſon's Balance weigh,
And let not Paſſions bear Tyrannick ſway;
Preſence of Mind, and Fortitude, will ſhow
The way to future Bliſs, and End of all thy Woe.
Theſe Words did inexpreſſibly impart,
Courage and Joy to my deſponding Heart.
No chilling Horrour in my Veins aroſe,
Of Viſionary Scenes which diſcompoſe;
Which Men are ſaid to feel, amaz'd with Fear,
When Deities converſe to Mortal Ear.
I took the Sentence as *Minerva's* Aid,
And Adoration to the Goddeſs pay'd;

I found a new Sedateneſs in my Breaſt,
And all my jarring Paſſions charm'd to Reſt.
I did my Duty; bore my Fate, content,
And mov'd e'en cruel *Bufus* to relent;
Yet oft with ardent Wiſh in vain I ſought
For Books, thoſe kind Reliefs to lonely Thought;
Both to divert us, and inſtruct, deſign'd;
An ever pleaſing Banquet to the Mind.
Happy, ſaid I, is He who learns to prize
The ſweet Advantage which in Knowledge lies;
Who, buſy, on that Search his Time employs,
And not on Trifles, and fantaſtick Toys.
Theſe all are momentary as the Wind,
But Truth, and Wiſdom, of a ſteadier Kind,
Nor come from Chance, nor are to Chance reſign'd.
Wheree'er we go, whate'er our Fates ordain,
Theſe in the Soul indelible remain.
Our Goods of Fortune, Fortune may condemn;
But cannot rob us of this Nobler Gem.
This Dear Companion, faithfulleſt of Friends,
In all Conditions, all our Steps attends.
Once as I walk'd, on Thoughts like theſe intent,
Into the thickeſt of the Woods I went;
When on a ſudden, as I fix'd my Look,
An aged Sire approach'd me, with a Book,

His Forehead large, and high, but void of Hair,
And Time began it's Smoothneſs now to wear;
Tall, and of Manly Port, his ruddy Face
Still ſhew'd, by good Remains, what once it was;
His venerable Beard, of Snowy hue,
Down to his Waſte in length, profuſely grew;
His Eyes yet lively, ſhot a piercing Ray,
And ſpoke the Man Majeſtick in decay;
In all his Words the niceſt Judge might ſee,
Propriety, from Affectation free;
And as an Index of the Speaker's Mind,
Plainneſs of Style, with graceful Accent joyn'd.
This welcome Stranger, and ſurpriſing Gueſt,
Was vers'd in Holy Rites, and great *Apollo*'s Prieſt.
For in the Grove a Marble Temple ſtood,
Erected, far within this dark abode,
By *Egypt's* King, and ſacred to the *Delphian* God.
And now a Scene of happier Days began,
From Friendly Converſe with this Holy Man;
Each day I learn'd, from his unbounded Store
Some Thought inſtructive and unknown before.
While uſeful Subjects our Diſcourſe employ'd,
My Mind was ſtill improv'd and never cloy'd;
Brief, and perſpicuous, his Relations were,
And things long paſt, as preſent made appear;

And

And things to come his Knowledge did foresee,
Inspir'd by *Phœbus* in the Gods Decree,
To tell the dark Resolves of future Destiny.
The weighty Task of reading Men he knew;
Their wily Projects cou'd expose to view.
And the best Rules for Conduct recommend,
How to discern the Flatt'rer from the Friend.
And as by Modesty true Merit's known,
Great in Esteem of all except it's own,
So was my worthy Friend and prudent Guide,
Free from the Stains of Arrogance and Pride;
Which oft, of brightest Parts Abhorence move,
The parts we Praise, the Man we cannot love.
But *Termosiris* had a better Claim,
Wit's but the sudden Flash of Youthful Flame;
But Prudence lives in Age, and bears a greater Name.
Who while to others she her Place resigns,
Always obtains those Honours she declines.
Thus did the Sire my Youth with Candour view,
As if not conscious of his greater Due,
As if Equality I must commence,
And he whom I rever'd had no pretence.
Not but he understood his Age's Right,
But took the winning Methods, to invite,
And did in Youth, when tractable, delight.

Vertue

Vertue in ſuch a Soil he lov'd to ſow,
And, as he lov'd, he knew the Manner how,
Without a haughty Magiſterial Brow.
My Temper ſoon on his Affection won,
He taught me, gave me Books, and call'd me Son.
For which, as by a Filial Duty ty'd,
I ſhew'd my grateful Senſe, and thus reply'd.
Father, with Joy ſincere, I now can boaſt,
A worthy Recompence for *Mentor* loſt.
That fatal Loſs in Solitude I mourn'd;
Nor hop'd to ſee him thus, in you return'd.
But Heav'n ordain'd, in Pity to my Woes,
That I again ſhou'd find, in you, my loſt Repoſe.
Thus I my undiſſembled Joys expreſs'd;
And thus I was in *Termoſiris* bleſs'd:
On whom the bounteous Muſes had beſtow'd,
The Choiceſt Favours of his Patron God.
Whether he choſe to frame immortal Verſe,
Or in Harmonious Sounds the tuneful Song rehearſe.
A nobler Genius never did inſpire,
Linus, or that more potent *Thracian* Lyre,
Which ſoften'd Hell, and made the *Stygian* Streams retire.
When in his Prieſtly Robes of White, array'd,
He on his Golden Harp, Melodious, play'd,

The

The People thought, (ſo charming was his Hand)
A ſecond *Orpheus* did the Strings command;
Lions and Tygers, all the ſavage kind,
Charm'd with the ſacred Sound, their Rage reſign'd,
Submiſſive, they forgot their hideous Roar,
And couching at his Feet, their Victor did adore.
The Satyrs from forſaken Woods advanc'd,
And to the Meaſure of his Muſick danc'd.
The Muſick made the trembling Foreſt move,
It animated Rocks, and made a living Grove;
While he the Grandeur of the Gods proclaim'd,
And Heroes by immortal Actions fam'd,
Who ſordid Pleaſures ſhun'd for bright Renown,
And whom, the Poet's Gift, eternal Honours crown:
And often when my State of Bondage brought,
Cares to my Mind, and preſs'd my gloomy Thought,
His Words reviving Courage wou'd impart,
Add Vigour to my Soul, and re-inflame my Heart.
In thought, ſaid he, to Providence be juſt,
Nor the Protection of the Gods diſtruſt;
Heav'n does not Vertue in Diſtreſs forſake,
And tho' it Trials for your Honour make,
You, and your worthy Sire, it's Bleſſings ſhall partake.
Apollo's noted Exile may create.
A Thought to cultivate the rural State.

Teach the rude Swains the Charms of Verſe to know,
Nor will you then, the Sylvan Life foregoe;
When once the Muſes ſhall adorn the Plain,
And artleſs Shepherds learn the tuneful ſtrain,
The Gods ſhall then your Joys with Envy view,
And wiſh themſelves but half ſo Bleſs'd as you.
But leſt you this, as Fiction, disbelieve,
A known Example of it's Truth receive.
The great *Apollo*, whoſe reſplendent Ray
Adorns the burniſh'd Carr that rules the Day,
Vex'd that his Father's Thunder oft did ſhroud,
His brighteſt Glories in a ſullen Cloud,
For dire Revenge, with Fury ponder'd long,
And vow'd the *Cyclops* ſhou'd atone the Wrong,
Who fram'd thoſe fatal hiſſing Bolts, which fly
From angry *Jove*, and ſadden all the Sky.
From the drawn Bow his keeneſt Darts he ſent,
Which to the deſtin'd mark, unerring went;
Pierc'd with the feather'd Deaths, the Monſters fell,
And dying fill'd their Manſion with a diſmal Yell.
Aſtoniſh'd *Ætna* ceas'd to vomit Flame,
And ſoon as ſilent as her Dead became;
Nor did her horrid Caverns from within,
With groaning Anvils ſound, or Hammer's Din,
Vaſt Piles of Iron laid, and uſeleſs Braſs,
And Ruſt began to taint the now-abandon'd Mals.

Vulc

Vulcan in rage the dreadful Forge forſook,
And furniſh'd for Complaint his Journey took,
Limping, to Heav'n, and mutt'ring as he went,
With much ado he climb'd the ſteep Aſcent,
Where *Jove* upon the Starry Pavement trod,
Ruling the World with his Majeſtick nod.
Into the Preſence *Vulcan* rudely thruſt,
All ſooty as he was, and cover'd o'er with Duſt.
Laughter aroſe, nor cou'd the Gods contain,
To hear the ſweating peeviſh Churl complain.
Jove heard the Cauſe, the reſt his Judgment wait,
Who thus gave Sentence from the Throne of State;
Apollo, I enjoyn you for your Crime,
To quit theſe Confines, and our World ſublime,
This Fault degrades your Dignity of Birth,
Fly from my Sight precipitant to Earth.
Phœbus obey'd.——The Chariot of the Sun,
Without its uſual Guide, the Courſe Diurnal run.
So *Jove* ordain'd, *Apollo*, in Diſgrace,
Was now contented with an humbler Place.
Swain in Diſguiſe, he condeſcends to keep,
Admetus the *Theſſalian* Prince's Sheep.
Where oft, as by the ſhady Elms he laid,
And Silver Streams, upon the Pipe he plaid.
The Pipe ſoon gather'd all the Jolly Throng,
Who left their Flocks and ran to hear the Song.

As yet a Savage Brutal Life they led,
Scarce better taught than were the Flocks they fed.
To ſhear their Wooll, to milk, or make a Cheeſe,
Theſe were their little Arts, nor knew they much of theſe.
The Country, un-manur'd, gave no Delight,
'Twas Deſart all, and hideous to the Sight.
But ſoon *Apollo*, by ſurpriſing Art,
Did means of Profit, and Delight, impart.
Inform'd them how to meliorate the Soil,
And reap the ſweet Rewards of all their Toil;
He ſung the flow'ry Greens, and fertile Plains,
With all the Shepherd's, and the Farmer's Gains.
The Joyous Spring preſented to their view,
When Nature all her Glories does renew,
When the Deformity of Winter's paſt. (Blaſt,
The Snows, and ſtormy Hail, and chilling Northern
The Trees again with verdant Honours crown'd,
And kind Prolifick Dews, which help the teeming Ground.
He ſung the Pleaſures of the ripen'd Fields,
When bounteous *Ceres* Golden Harveſt yields.
When Orchats, rich with their Autumnal Store,
And bu rden'd Arms, the pulling Hand implore.
Nor were the Sports of Winter left untold,
When well-heap'd Logs diſſolve benumming Cold.

When the blithe Peaſants quaff the Time away,
And round the blazing Hearth their merry Gambols play.
Theſe are the Pleaſures of the Country Life,
Freed from the City's Hurry, Noiſe, and Strife.
Here Nature's unaffected Dreſs appears,
Nor new-invented gawdy Fopp'ry wears.
No guilty Thoughts the Honeſt Mind moleſt,
No Cares, nor Fears, which rack the Monarch's Breaſt,
Which walk in Palaces the buſy Round,
Are in the lowly Cottage to be found;
But Peace, with balmy Wings broods o'er the Cell,
For ſhe, and Innocence, together dwell.
Thus did *Apollo*'s tuneful Voice relate
The various Joys which crown the Rural ſtate;
And which, before unknown, his Preſence did create.
To him the Birds with Harmony repair,
And whiſp'ring *Zephyrs* waſte the pleaſing Air;
He taught the Swains the flying Stag to chaſe,
Uſe of the Bow, and Conqueſt in the Race.
The Gods with Envy from their Skies look'd down,
And thought the Shepherd's Joys excell'd their Own:
With Jealouſy were mov'd, and a malignant Eye,
And ſoon recall'd *Apollo* to his native Sky.
From hence, My Son, you may receive Advice,
And turn a Deſart to a Paradiſe.

You've

You've heard *Apollo*'s Caſe; your own's the ſame,
Then dare to be the Rival of his Fame.
So from this Soil, which unregarded lies,
Full Ears of Corn, luxuriant, ſhall ariſe.
So ſhall your Name reſound thro' ev'ry Hill,
And charming Notes ſhall all the Valleys fill.
Admiring Swains ſhall bleſs the rural Seat,
Your Life, unmix'd with Care, ſhall all be Sweet;
Nor wou'd you, for a Throne, exchange the ſoft
Retreat.
Ah! Royal Youth, a Time will come, it will,
When toilſome Cares that princely Breaſt ſhall fill;
Reflecting, then, you'll wiſh your ſelf with me,
And want the Country Life, ſo eaſy and ſo free.
This ſaid that yet he might engage me more
To love the Rural Life deſcrib'd before,
The Sire preſented to my Hands, a Flute,
A Preſent which the Subject well did ſuit.
And I, as now adopted to the Place,
And made a Brother of the Sylvan Race,
Alternate tun'd my Voice, alternate play'd,
And Eccho from the Hills the pleaſing Notes convey'd;
The pleaſing Notes were ſoon diffus'd around,
And gather'd all the Shepherds to the Sound.
Apollo from above inſpir'd my Tongue,
Full of the God, in loftier Strains I Sung;
My Soul his Mighty Energy confeſs'd,
With ſacred Rapture ſwell'd, dilating all my Breaſt No

Nor leſs amazing was th' Effect to ſee,
Or leſs, O mighty *Phœbus*, worthy Thee.
The Shepherds learnt to tune the rural Lays,
And in Harmonious Conſort paſs'd the Days,
A new-born Gaity the Deſart cheer'd,
And all it's Savage Rudneſs diſappear'd.
The Climate ſeem'd to breathe another Air,
The Countrey round did in the Bleſſing ſhare,
And all grew wond'rous bright, and all grew wond'rous Fair.
The Swains with me in Gratitude did join,
To pay the Homage at *Apollo*'s Shrine,
Did often to the hallow'd Grove repair,
Which was aſſign'd to *Termoſiris* Care.
To him we brought, as to our Rural Lord,
Fare, of the beſt our Countrey wou'd afford;
With him we feaſted on the ſacred Ground,
In Honour of the God, our Heads with Lawrel Crown'd,
Upon the verdant Turf did often dine, (Vine.
For him we milk'd our Flocks, and crop'd the pregnant
And while upon the flow'ry Green we laid,
Under ſome well-grown Oak's extended Shade,
Happier we were than Kings on Beds of Down,
With all their gilded Roofs, and glitter of a Crown.

But

But here, if Decency will give me Leave,
A ſtrange Achievement of my own receive;
Which thro' the Countrey ſignaliz'd my Name,
And with the great *Seſoſtris* rais'd my Fame.
Which, ſince in part the Story of my Fate,
I ſhall adventure briefly to relate.
Tending, one Day, my Flock, upon the Plain,
I ſaw a *Lion* with erected Main;
As he advanc'd, more dreadful he appear'd,
Fiery his Eyes, his Jaws with Blood beſmear'd,
Grumbling, he gnaſh'd his Teeth, and churn'd the Gore
And with inſatiate Maw ſtill gap'd for more.
My Crook was all the Weapon in my Hand,
Of little Force ſuch Fury to withſtand.
But, as our Shepherds wear a Coat of Mail,
Guarded with this, I durſt the Foe aſſail;
Faſt by the Throat I held the rav'nous Beaſt,
And down to Earth, by ſtrength Superior, preſs'd.
Thrice with this Arm I threw him on the Ground,
And thrice he rous'd again, and did from Earth
bound,
He roar'd aloud, as oft as he was thrown,
And the wide Forreſt trembled with his Groan.
At laſt, with griping Hand, I choak'd his Breath,
And made him roll his haggard Eyes in Death.

The Swains decreed, his Skin in Triumph worn,
My Body, as the Victor, shou'd adorn.
The Fame of this, and of the Change I wrought
Among the Shepherds, to the King was brought.
The Youth, they said, who Captive did remain,
As deem'd for one of the *Phenician* Train,
Had now brought back the golden Age again.
The King, whose noble and ingenuous Mind
To love the Muses always was inclin'd;
Who cherish'd useful Knowledge at his Heart,
Zealous in Bounty to reward Desert,
Resolv'd to see me, and from me receiv'd
The Truth of what he scarcely yet believ'd.
This furnish'd Matter for my own Defence,
And Means to clear my injur'd Innocence.
He found how *Metophis* had us'd me ill,
And, undeserv'd, did Prejudice instil;
With base Suspicions fill'd his Royal Ear,
But now disclos'd the Villain did appear.
Justly enrag'd, the King was all intent
To find, for such a Crime, a worthy Punishment.
ty, and Indignation fill'd his Breast,
ty for me, to have my Wrongs redress'd,
nd to impartial Justice he deferr'd the Rest;
aking the Forfeit of ill-gotten Gains,
he due Reward of such malicious Pains.

His darling Treasures ravish'd from his Eye,
The Villain was in Prison ever doom'd to lye.
O injur'd Youth! the King, revolving, said,
Observe from hence how Princes are betray'd,
Plac'd on the Throne, aloft, they cannot know
By Sight, what's acted in the Sphere below;
On others they depend (because thy must,)
Who oft, by Int'rest led, betray their Trust,
And when that's done, the Sully and the Stain,
Are still reflected on the Monarch's Reign.
Their Crimes they prepetrate, unmov'd by Shame,
While their unhappy Masters bear the Blame;
Love they pretend for us, with Noise and Zeal,
But cunningly their private Aims conceal;
The Crown and Scepter seemingly adore,
Not for our Sakes, but for the golden Oar,
If this were gone the Flatt'rers wou'd not stay,
For this the busy Throng block up our way; (tray.
And while for this they court, for this they wou'd be-
Thus did the Great *Sesostris* condescend,
Without Reserve, to treat me as a Friend.
And knowing that I long had wish'd, in vain,
To see my Native Country once again,
Told me, he wou'd not importune my Stay,
But with a Convoy, send me safe away:

Tha

That from *Penelope* I might remove,
A Rival Crew, and unavailing Love.
With wonder I this Turn of Fortune Bleſs'd,
In raiſing him who was ſo low depreſs'd;
And now I hop'd I might ſo Happy be
My Royal Father on his Throne to ſee.
The much lov'd *Mentor*, too, I hop'd to find;
But knew not, then, how far we were disjoyn'd.
And what, alas! to frail Mankind is known?
When not one Moment we can call our own.
Our Anchors now were ready to be weigh'd;
But while in ſearch of *Mentor* I delay'd,
(Griev'd for My Friend) and of his State enquir'd,
Seſoſtris, ſeiz'd by ſudden Death, expir'd.
This fatal Loſs my Ruine did include,
And all my former Ills, in One renew'd.
But what were mine to *Egypt's* mournful Cries!
For Kingdoms fall, when ſuch a Monarch dies.
With loud Laments they moan'd themſelves undone,
Their beſt Protector, Friend, and Parent, gone.
Sighs from each Sex, and ev'ry Age, were heard,
And Tears ran down the Venerable Beard,
The hoary Head was proſtrate in the Duſt,
And, wild with Grief, proclaim'd the Fates unjuſt;
O why did ever ſuch a King appear,
They cry'd, or why ſo ſhort a Time was here?

Or why must Wretched we survive to mourn?
Be kind ye Gods, and send us, in our Turn,
To wait upon his Fall, and grace our Prince's Urn.
For forty Days, upon the dire Report,
The swarming Populace to *Thebes* resort;
To *Thebes*, from Parts remote, in haste they ran,
Big with *Ideas* of the God-like Man,
A last Farwel to his Remains they give,
And fain with him wou'd die, with whom they cannot live.
But still the Grief which deeper press'd 'em down,
Was, that a Tyrant's Head must wear the Crown.
Boccore, the Son of their departed King,
A Son, unworthy from those Loins to spring,
Who not one Vertue from his Lineage drew,
By odious Crimes expos'd to Publick View;
Long time, an Object of the People's Hate,
And now the dreaded Ruler of their Fate.
One, to all Sense of Shame, or Honour, blind,
One, to no Knowledge, but of Vice, inclin'd;
Of savage, brutal Soul, Disgrace to humane-kind.
In downy Softness lull'd, elate with Pride,
Himself indulging, valu'd none beside.
His Subjects Blood for trivial Faults wou'd spill.
Those Slaves of State, and Creatures of his Will.

Their

Their riffled Coffers he on Pleaſures ſpent,
And harraſs'd them, as petty Inſects, ſent
By Fortune, for his Sport, or for his Puniſhment.
They who with good *Seſoſtris* oft had ſat,
In Council of Momentous high Debate,
In fierce Diſdain now baniſh'd from the Court,
Made Room for Fav'rites of another ſort.
Boccore did none but empty Fools require,
A Tribe prepar'd to flatter and admire.
Thus did all *Egypt* under Bondage groan,
Oppreſs'd with ſuch a Monſter on the Throne.
Nor did for Liberty Reſiſtance make,
The Son ſupporting for the Father's ſake.
Nor was there need they ſhou'd the Ruine haſte,
Of one who Headlong drove himſelf ſo faſt.
For me no Hopes of Liberty remain'd,
Unhappy me whom Bonds from Flight reſtrain'd.
For *Metophis*, to Favour now reſtor'd,
A Satisfaction for his Loſs implor'd:
And, full of black Revenge, with Venome fraught,
Effective means for my Confinement wrought.
The Place a Tow'r which near *Peluſium* ſtands,
Fix'd on the fartheſt Verge of all the Lands;
A Rock it's Baſis, which defends it ſides,
From foaming Billows, and the ſounding Tides.

Here

Here for my Voyage I before prepar'd,
Had Heav'n the Life of good *Seſoſtris* ſpar'd.
But Sorrows, now my Days and Nights did waſte,
While I recounted all the Pleaſures paſt.
The good Preſages of a happy Doom,
By *Termoſiris* and of Joys to come;
But Troubles made their fair Predictions ſeem,
Deluding tranſports of a fading Dream.
And oft, as from the Tow'r my Eyes ſurvey'd,
Ships which the ſudden Sport of Winds were made,
Threaten'd by Waves above, and Rocks beneath,
And all the wat'ry Magazine of Death,
Poor Wretches! I wou'd ſay, what then am I,
Who envy them the better Lot, to die.
Death is, to Souls in Pain, the kindeſt Friend,
And their Misfortunes ſoon will find an end.
But I condemn'd to Life, without Relief,
Muſt drag my tedious Days in hopeleſs Grief.
While thus I did with deep Regret complain,
A moving Foreſt cover'd all the Main,
The ſwelling Sails took all the Winds cou'd blow,
And with the Burden th' Ocean groan'd below;
A Noiſe confus'd was heard from ev'ry ſide,
While Keels and Oars the furrow'd Waves divide.
Egyptians crowding, ſome for Arms prepare,
As in diſmay, and dread th' approaching War;

Others

Others with Shouts of Joy the Sailors meet,
And amicably join the landing Fleet,
A Part of which *Phenician* Colours bore,
The reſt deſcended from the *Cyprian* Shore,
With *Egypt* all combin'd, her Freedom to reſtore.
Revolting *Egypt* the Deciſion tries,
In Blood embru'd, her Tyrant ſhe defies.
Part, by his Death, their Slav'ry fain wou'd end,
Part, tho' a Tyrant, wou'd their Prince defend.
By thoſe the foreign Troops to Fight were led,
And theſe advanc'd with *Boccore* at their Head.
With Indignation fir'd, he led the way,
And urg'd his Men to ſnatch the doubtful day;
I ſaw him with his Arm uplifted high,
Reſolv'd to ſave his Throne, or as a Monarch die,
Saw him to many give their fatal Wound,
Till Slaughter'd Heaps his Chariot compaſs'd round,
And ſtop'd his raging Hand, and hid the Bloody Ground.
Fierce was the Royal Youth, of haughty Mein,
And in his Look Deſpair and Rage was ſeen.
Succeſſively the Paſſion take their Turns,
One paints him pale, and one with Fury burns.
Till Courage wholly does his Heart poſſeſs,
And makes him, void of Care, to needleſs Dangers preſs.

So

So the Young Courser, who has ne'er been try'd,
Starts for a while, and looks on ev'ry side,
But warm'd, and fretted, runs with all his Force,
Nor Hills nor Mounds can stop his fiery Course,
The giddy Rider curbs him, but in vain,
He foams, and champs the Bit, and smoaks along the Plain.
Such was the youthful Prince, of Valiant Mind,
But what is that, if not with Prudence join'd,
He knew not how to give his Orders Right,
To Manage his Advantages in Fight;
To hide a Blot, repair an Errour made,
Nor was the last Event with Conduct weigh'd
Yet cou'd no Blame be charg'd on Nature's side,
As if his Genius did not Thought provide,
His Soul, with quick and lively Sense imbu'd,
By Disappointment was not yet subdu'd;
This made him void of Patience, and elate,
And vast Ideas of himself create;
Which more by flatt'ring Hypocrites was taught,
Whose pois'nous Arts had blown the tumid Thought;
His Reign thus far had with Success been crown'd,
And to his Pow'r no Laws prescrib'd a Bound.
Hence he presum'd the World must own his Sway,
And his Commands without Dispute obey.

This

This did his Soul with Pride and Paſſion fill,
Conſulting not his Reaſon but his Will.
Thus he, while vainly fond to be ador'd,
Prais'd by the Worſt, was by the Beſt abhorr'd.
His Valour long ſuſtain'd him in the Field,
At laſt unequal Numbers made him yield.
I ſaw him fall by a *Phenician* Dart,
Which ent'ring at his Breaſt, transfix'd his Heart.
His Dying Eyes confeſs the piercing Blow,
And his unwilling Hands the Reins foregoe;
Down to the Chariot Wheels his Body bow'd,
And falling there, was trampled by the Croud.
A *Cyprian* ſpurn'd the wretched Monarch dead,
And ſever'd from the Trunk the Bleeding Head;
The ghaſtly Ball was held in open view,
And Shouts of Triumph did his Fall purſue.
Methinks I now behold the diſmal Place,
The clotted Hair, and the disfigur'd Face;
The Lip ſtill quiver'd, as the Jaw-Bone hung,
And left its Words unfiniſh'd on the Tongue;
Still in his Look an angry Menace reign'd,
And, ſpite of Death it ſelf, the King remain'd.
By this Example warn'd, O may I ſhun,
The Paths in which ambitious Princes run!
Sceptres are marks of Ruine in that Hand,
Which, guiding others, can't it ſelf command.

Secure Poſſeſſion him alone attends,
Who aims at Publick Good, and not at Private Ends;
And he unworthily a Crown enjoys,
Whoſe Sword the Lives, it ſhou'd protect, deſtroys.
As Princes are ally'd to Gods in Birth,
So they ſhou'd be as Tut'lar Gods on Earth;
When they with Joy diffuſe their Bleſſings round,
The good Event does to themſelves redound;
But when Tyrannick Pride ſubverts the State,
And does a Scene of Woes and Death create, (Fate.
The Tyrant too muſt fall, and ſhare the Bloody
These prudent Thoughts, ſo modeſtly expreſs'd,
With Love and Wonder fill'd *Calypſo*'s Breaſt;
To ſee the Youth ingenuouſly proclaim,
The Faults wherein himſelf had been to blame
So well inſtructed by his Falls to riſe,
And from Imprudence learning to be wiſe.
Proceed, ſhe ſaid, Illuſtrious Youth, proceed,
Inform me how you was from *Egypt* freed.
How, when in Bonds you was ſo long detain'd,
Your much lov'd *Mentor* was, at laſt regain'd.
The Youth, reſuming his Diſcourſe, reply'd,
Egypt's inteſtine Jarrs with *Boccore* dy'd;
And they who ventur'd to ſupport his Cauſe,
Submitted to the Conqu'ring Party's Laws;
Who ſeeing their unhappy Prince was kill'd,
By a new Choice the vacant Empire fill'd.

The foreign Troops which, late, had been their Aid,
Departing now, a firm Alliance made;
All the *Phenician* Pris'ners were releas'd,
And I, as one, embark'd among the reſt.
My Hopes reviv'd, and on our Shouting Crew
Deep azure look'd the Sky, the Winds propitious blew.
We left the Port, and ſaw the Cliffs retreat,
And Convex Heav'n around with Ocean meet;
We loſt the ruddy Mountain Tops, which ſhone
With the new Glories of the riſing Sun,
Who roſe from *Tethys* Boſome gay and bright,
And ſcatter'd from his Locks the dazling Gems of Light.
From hence an Omen of Succeſs we drew;
And the kind Voyage prov'd its Omen true.
I ow'd my Freedom to this happy Lot,
Tho' they, by whom I gain'd it, knew me not.
Our Ship's Commander (*Narbal* was his Name)
Enquir'd, at laſt, the City whence I came?
Sir, I reply'd, I'm not *Phenician* born,
But *Grecian* Kindred do my Birth adorn;
As a *Phenician* I was Captive made,
And am, as ſuch, with Liberty repaid;
Under that Name (for ſo my Fates decreed)
I much have ſuffer'd, by that Name am freed.
But, know, the Vital Blood which warms my Heart,
Is of *Ulyſſes* an unhappy Part;

And in that Name ſhall glory, while it flows;
Bleſſing the Fountain whence it firſt aroſe.
That Name ſhall flouriſh with the *Grecian* Kings,
As long as Fame the *Trojan* Story ſings.
Where e'er he goes, whom Heav'n, implor'd in vain,
Does from his Country and from me detain;
From me, who much in Search of him have bore,
For his dear Sake prepar'd to ſuffer more;
Content, if, after all the Pains it coſt,
I him may find, who has ſo long been loſt.
Narbal, who read my Face with curious Eye,
Something uncommon thought he did deſcry;
Some Marks of Heav'n's peculiar Care and Love,
As of one favour'd by the Gods above;
His noble Mind my rigid Fate condol'd,
When I the Tale of my Misfortunes told;
As for my Welfare touch'd with kind Deſire,
And thus he ſpake what Friendſhip did inſpire;
If ever Man might in a Face believe,
Where Grief with Virtue joins, it can't deceive;
And in that Face, Unhappy Youth, I ſee
Something which prompts my Love to ſuccour thee.
Only be Secret, and with due Regard
Hear my Advice, I ask no more Reward.
Sir, I reply'd whate'er you pleaſe to ſay,
This honeſt grateful Breaſt ſhall ne'er betray.

I'

I'm young, it's true, and may unskill'd appear,
But yet can be reserv'd in what I hear;
Nor shall a babbling Tongue my Heart disclose,
But I'll keep safe what Trust you there depose.
Says *Narbal*, Secrecy but rare appears,
With so much Prudence, in our younger Years;
But, from your tender Age, the Talent's known
To you, I find; and to Perfection grown.
But say, thou worthy Youth, the Means impart,
Which first inform'd thee in this useful Art;
This Art which the secure Foundation lays,
Of Humane Conduct, and of future Praise.
I answer'd, When the famous Siege of *Troy*
Did ev'ry *Grecian* Hand and Heart employ,
Ulysses, then prepar'd for Wars Alarms,
Took me, a tender Infant in his Arms;
He fix'd, I'm told, his Kisses on my Face,
And gave me, with these Words, his last Embrace;
Dear Innocence, thy Father's Joy, Farewel,
When I again shall see thee, who can tell?
Heav'n guard this Object of my Hope, and Fear,
And the young Branch in spotless Honour rear.
May no false Guide corrupt him, or intice
His little unexperienc'd Soul, to Vice;
O rather let me lose my Soul's Delight,
By Foes in Pieces dash'd, before my Sight.

Ye fatal Sisters, cut his slender Twine,
Rather than let him live, and not be mine.
Calmly I'll see him fall beneath the Blow,
As budding Flow'rs before the Reaper bow;
Nor shall a Tear bedew his Mother's Eyes,
'Tis worse to see him live, when Vertue dies.
To you, my Friends, the weighty Charge I leave,
And as you love me, don't my Faith deceive;
To you I with my darling Treasure part,
Mine and his Mother's All, our Life and Heart;
Teach him his early Passion to subdue,
Bend the young Plant, and make it grow to you.
Bid him the fawning Oily Talker fear,
Be just, and kind, and secret, and sincere;
Falsehood with Humane Nature does not suit,
The faithful Dog is nobler, tho' a Brute.
Learn him to keep a Secret in his Breast,
And let a Trust lock'd up in Safety rest;
Who wou'd be wise when Old, must learn, when Young,
To guide the petty Larum of the Tongue.
That Man to govern others strives in vain,
Who knows not how to speak, and to refrain.
This Wisdom, oft inculcated, and taught,
Obtain'd it's due Impression on my Thought.
Nor did my Guardians fear to let me know
The Secret Causes of my Mother's Woe;

Whom all the Lovers found averſe of Mind,
And wou'd to ſecond Nuptials have inclin'd.
The grand Affair was all diſclos'd to me,
And Means concerted how to ſet her free.
The Confidence repos'd with Joy I took,
Guarding each Word, and each ſuſpicious Look.
The cloſe Pretenders hop'd that I, a Child,
To tell whate'er I knew might be beguil'd;
Their Arts to catch me in Diſcourſe were laid,
Yet I did all their ſubtle Wiles evade;
Without a Breach of Truth my Senſe declar'd,
And knew when further Anſwer ſhould be ſpar'd.
Narbal, with this Account entirely won,
No longer paus'd, but freely thus begun;
Son of *Ulyſſes*, the *Phenician* State
In Pow'r, thou ſeeſt, is formidably Great;
Her Veſſels ride triumphant on the Main,
And *Neptune* yields to her his Wat'ry Reign.
Her ſpreading Sails *Iberia*'s Shore command,
The furtheſt Limits of our Weſtern Land;
To which *Alcides* firſt a Paſſage found,
And rais'd his Columns on remoteſt Ground.
Our Fleets from hence, like floating Cities, come,
Laden with Riches and with Honour, home.
The great *Seſoſtris*, tho' he rais'd our Fear
By Land, cou'd never boaſt a Conqueſt here.

A while

A while, it's true, by Homage we confeſs'd,
Thoſe dreadful Arms which ſhook the conquer'd Eaſt
But did not tamely ſtoop beneath his Yoke,
Long we reſiſted, ſoon the Bondage broke.
His Death our War with *Egypt* did conclude,
And had he liv'd we might have been ſubdu'd.
We fear'd his Wiſdom, but that Fear was gone,
When once the Pow'r was in his hot-brain'd Son;
By whoſe ill Conduct *Egypt* was ſo far,
From having Strength to proſecute the War,
That e'en ſhe beg'd of us our Aid to bring,
And join'd her Foes 'gainſt an impious King;
To us ſhe owes her Liberty reſtor'd,
From an Inhumane, Proud, Tyrannick Lord.
The Profit hers, the Glory is our own,
To ſave a Proſtrate Foe, and prop a ſinking Throne.
But Oh! that Hand which has ſo many ſav'd,
Can you believe me, feels it ſelf enſlav'd.
Pygmalion is our King; Dear Youth beware,
And ſhun his ſavage Hands with ſtricteſt care;
Thoſe Hands, diſtain'd with Blood, with Brother's
Blood,
Sichæus wallows in the Crimſon Flood.
Unhappy *Dido* mourns her Husband dead,
And full of Horrour and Revenge is fled;
Nor Seas nor Rocky Coaſts cou'd ſtop her way,
Pygmalion's Sword more dreadful is than they. She'

She's gone,—and they who Fame or Freedom lov'd,
From *Tyre* to *Africk*'s Coaſt, with her remov'd,
Where *Carthage* crown'd with Golden Turrets ſtands,
The glorious Fabrick of a Woman's Hands.
But Gold, which ſhould ſupport the *Tyrian* State,
Makes it more wretched, as it makes it Great.
The curs'd *Pygmalion* all its Peace deſtroys,
While he poſſeſſes Wealth, but not enjoys.
Inſatiate he devours the ſhining Store,
Which ſtill enflames the raging Thirſt of more;
The ſordid Crime creates its Puniſhment;
Oh, that the dire Effects no further went!
That he alone were tortur'd with the Woe!
As he's the Source from whence our Miſchiefs flow.
But he, as ruling Avarice perſuades,
Jealous and Cruel, others Rights invades.
The Merchant fruitleſly on *Neptune* calls,
To guard his Treaſures to the *Tyrian* Walls;
Hither convey'd, from Dangers of the Deep,
In vain he brings the Prize he cannot keep;
The Tyrant's Rapine ſoon will find his Door;
And none are ſafe from Plunder but the Poor:
Of them the Tyrant is himſelf afraid;
He ſtartr and trembles at his very Shade.
Fearful of Loſs, diſconſolate he lies,
From thoſe who are his Friends ſuſpicious flies,
And they ſhun him, as Slumber ſhuns his Eyes.

None are leſs happy than *Pygmalion's* Friends;
Let him ſuſpect them falſe, and Death attends;
And void of anxious Doubt he cannot be,
A Miſer never from Diſtruſt is free.
Tho' brawny Yeomen, arm'd, his Palace guard,
And ev'ry Door with maſſy Bolts is barr'd,
Yet cannot Reſt the leaſt Indulgence have,
In this large Priſon of the Royal Slave.
He dreams of Thefts and Murders ev'ry Night,
And changes his Apartment in the Fright;
From humane View, if poſſible, wou'd hide,
And rolls his hollow Eyes on ev'ry ſide.
His meagre Cheeks turn pale with ev'ry Noiſe,
And ſighing Care each joyleſs Hour employs.
Diſtracting Thoughts and Wailings waſte the Day,
And fret, by ſlow Degrees, his pining Soul away.
Children, the Comforts of Declining Years,
Serve only to increaſe *Pygmalion's* Fears;
Them he dreads moſt; nor thinks his Life ſecure;
Nor can his ſick'ning Taſte it's nauſeous Food endure
The Blood of Humankind is his Delight,
A grateful Banquet to the Tyrant's Sight.
Unhappy, Cruel Wretch! who cannot ſee
That others Ruine muſt his Ruine be:
And while his bloody Hand no Subject ſpares,
It only Slaughter for it ſelf prepares.

His own Domesticks may perform the Deed,
Dreading his Snares, and wishing to be freed;
His very Guards the Tragick Scene may end,
And rid the World of the rapacious Fiend.
This I foretel, but Heav'n forbid that I
Shou'd to the Murder of my King comply.
May I detest the Royal Blood to spill;
Princes may err, but they are Princes still.
You I advise, brave Youth, his Sight to shun,
Nor let him know that you're *Ulysses* Son,
For, this once known, in Prison you'd be laid,
Till a vast Ransome for your Freedom's paid;
And large must be the Gift which can suffice
To glut the Lust of fierce *Pygmalion*'s Eyes.
Now to the *Tyrian* Shore we nearer drew,
And, there arriv'd, I found the Story true;
Too soon instructed by *Pygmalion*'s Reign,
That *Narbal* had not counsel'd me in vain.
wonder'd how the Tyrant cou'd invent
ch Means himself and others to torment.
Man most exquisitely skill'd in Woe,
s if he study'd Arts to make him so.
ut sure, said I, he never this design'd,
e sought a happy State, but cou'd not find;
boundless Wealth, and Pow'r, it seem'd to lay,
nus in the Maze of Thought he went astray;
st, and benighted, and mistook his Way. L 2 For

For Pow'r to do whate'er the Will may chuſe,
Is Ruine, if the Will that Pow'r abuſe;
O! had a Rural Life like, mine, employ'd
Pygmalion's Days, he then had Peace enjoy'd.
No Guilt had then, his Soul with Horrours mov'd,
But loving others, he had been belov'd.
No Dread of Swords or Poyſon, there, had been;
But undiſturb'd Repoſe, and all his Hours ſerene.
What, tho' he had not Mines of Gold poſſeſs'd;
A little, well enjoy'd, had made him Bleſs'd.
His Heaps of Treaſure, num'rous as the Sand,
Are but a Burden to their Maſter's Hand;
Uſeleſs, they only feed his longing Eyes,
Whoſe Heart Relief to Nature's Wants denies.
With rigid Hand he o'er his People reigns,
But can't diſcern himſelf to be in Chains.
Lord of the *Tyrians*, Slave of mean Deſires,
He acts whate'er his ſordid Luſt requires.
Others, compell'd, ſubmit to his Decrees,
While his own Paſſions ride him as they pleaſe.
Thus did revolving Thoughts an Image draw
Of that *Pygmalion* whom I never ſaw; (Night,
Whoſe Tow'r, with Guards ſurrounded, Day and
The Pris'ner Monarch ſhrouds from humane Sight.
This wretched King, ſecluded, and confin'd,
Reviv'd the Good *Seſoſtris* in my Mind;

A Prince who did, with Aſpect bland, delight,
And cheer, and bleſs the fond Beholder's Sight.
Free of Acceſs, the Stranger's Suit to hear,
He nothing fear'd; nor had he cauſe to fear.
The Doom of ſudden and untimely Fate
Attends *Pygmalion*, with his People's Hate.
Seſoſtris might in Crouds unguarded ſtand,
Nor dread the ſtroke of a conſpiring Hand:
He was his People's Father and their Friend,
His Love did them protect, their Duty him defend.
But jealous Fury burn'd *Pygmalion's* Breaſt,
Deſtroying his, as he the *Tyrians* Reſt.
The *Cyprian* Forces had not long been come,
Before he Orders gave to ſend them Home;
Forgotten all they had at *Egypt* done,
And that the Conqueſt by their Aid was won.
Anxious, he watch'd their Stay with prying Eyes,
And durſt not truſt his true and brave Allies.
As eaſy Princes, thoughtleſs, and ſupine,
Without Reſerve to crafty Wiles reſign;
So err'd *Pygmalion* in a worſe Extreme,
The Good, and Bad, alike, to diſeſteem.
He never learn'd the faithful Man to prize,
Diſtinguiſh'd from the Villain in Diſguiſe.
Nor was it ſtrange he ſhou'd be ſhun'd by theſe,
Who ne'er were favour'd, nor cou'd ever pleaſe.

The

The Tyrant, too had found so much Deceit,
From them who knew in Vertue's Mask to cheat,
That now he thought Mankind was all the same,
And Vertue nothing but an empty Name.
Mistaken Prince! —But I'm recall'd by you,
From devious Paths, my Story to pursue.

The *Cyprian* Vessels, ready for their Freight,
Did now, in Harbour for the Voyage wait.
And *Narbal*, who had well the Danger weigh'd,
If near the *Tyrian* Court I longer staid.
Wisely foreseeing, if my Name were known,
His Life and mine must for the Crime atone,
Thought, when the *Cyprian* Forces put to Sea,
The fairest means were found to set me free.
Impatient, I the proffer'd Time embrac'd,
And in the Muster, for a *Cyprian* pass'd.
But fickle Chance, who makes the World her Sport,
By adverse Winds detain'd us in the Port;
And as it shews the part of humane Skill,
When Men improve to good what happens ill.
So I, while with the *Tyrians* I remain'd,
A farther Knowledge of their Manners gain'd.

Tyre is a Scene of Profit, and Delight,
And well rewards the wond'ring Stranger's Sight,
For naval Stores the Queen of Cities crown'd,
And for her Traffick thro' the World renown'd.

Neptune

Neptune uncurls his angry Front, and ſmiles,
Embracing this, the faireſt of his Iſles,
The leſſer Towns which fill the neighb'ring Coaſt,
Contiguous joyn'd, in Fruits delicious boaſt.
While ſhe upon her Foils looks down, in State,
And ſees them all around, as her Attendants, wait.
The Coaſt is temper'd with a gentle Breeze,
That blows refreſhing, from the Northern Seas.
And lofty Mountains guard, with kindly ſhade,
From Scorching Heats which wou'd the South invade.
There *Libanus*, the Giant o'er the reſt,
With Snowy Torrent heaves his hardy Breaſt.
Aloft in Clouds his ample Shoulders bears,
Projects his airy Head, and juts to meet the Stars.
High in vaſt Foreſts ſpreading Cedars grow,
And verdant Paſtures grace the Fields below;
Which leaning to the Mountains Side are bent,
And form, by eaſy Steps, a ſlow Deſcent.
Here am'rous Bulls their wanton Conſorts chuſe,
And Lambs run friſking to their bleating Ewes;
A thouſand Water-Gods their Currents turn,
In winding Branches from the Chryſtal Urn,
Down to the Baſis of the Mount they glide,
Which ſhews a Garden deck'd in all it's Pride;
Here Spring and Autumn are in one combin'd,
And fragrant Flow'rs with ripen'd Fruits are joyn'd.

Nor

Nor parching Suns, nor killing Frosts, they mourn,
But never-fading Beauty does the Globe adorn.
Near this sweet Prospect, on an Island by,
The *Tyrian* City draws the gazing Eye;
She seems to float upon the Waves, and be,
Another *Venus* rising from the Sea.
Hither, from farther Climes, the Merchants come,
This is their common Universal Home.
The Centre of their Commerce: Here they land,
Unlade their Freight, and crowd the Mother-strand;
Who in her wide capacious Arms receives,
Whatever Treasures Earth, or Ocean, gives.
Vast Groves of lofty Pines in Harbour ride,
So thick, that they the wat'ry Surface hide.
The floating Castles fill the briny way,
Nor give the curling Billows room to play.
Hither the thronging Citizens repair,
Nor can the Wealth possess'd divert their Care;
A busy hand the Treasure must increase,
For Industry supports; and Toil must never cease.
'Tis this which *Egypt's* finest Linen brings,
And *Tyrian* Purple for the Throne of Kings;
Purple, whose Lustre, of a double Dye,
Will ever last, and Time it self defy.
In Cloath embroider'd, lively to behold,
With sparkling Silver, and the burnish'd Gold.

With

With this the *Tyrians* Commerce far maintain,
To Western *Gades*, and th' *Atlantick* Main;
And far in Eastern Climes their Sails have bore,
From the Red Sea, to Isles unknown before,
Where spices spread Ambrosial Odours round,
And costly Pearls, and Mines of Gold abound,
And living Creatures, wond'rous to the Sight,
Shew in what various Works rich Nature does delight.
As Bees that haunt, laborious, distant Bow'rs,
To sip transparent Streams, and dewy Flow'rs,
With liquid Sweets extracted Homeward fly,
Their Cells with fragrant Burdens to supply.
So *Tyre* receives, for Ornament or Use,
Whatever Treasures foreign Lands produce.
No saunt'ring Drones infest the frugal Place,
But busy Thought is read in ev'ry Face;
And Hands, and Head, employ'd in equal Pains,
Those fill the Store-House, this compures the Gains.
Nor may we pass untold the Female Art,
For Beauty here with Bus'ness bears a Part,
And the bright Nymph can publick Good improve,
As well as charm in softer Hours of Love.
The Distaff, and the Needle-work, she tries,
And scorns to conquer only with her Eyes.
When e'er her Wit refines some lively Thought,
Of blooming Youth in *Cupid's* Ambush caught.

Her curious Needle paints the dying Swain,
And is the Dart that kills him o'er again;
She needs no Poet's hand, or Painter, there,
But draws her ſelf the Triumphs of the Fair.

This ſplendid Proſpect of the *Tyrian* State.
Rais'd my Enquiry whence it grew ſo great:
Whence it the Nations round ſo far outſhone,
And made the Wealth of other Lands, its own?

You ſee, ſaid *Narbal*, how our City lies,
In *Neptune's* Arms, commodious for the Prize.
And if we may believe what Fame of Old,
Has, in obſcure and dusky Annals, told,
She ventur'd, firſt her feeble Bark to try,
In wat'ry Realms, and *Jove's* inclement Sky;
From her the Pilate, firſt his Thought apply'd,
To count the Stars for his Nocturnal Guide.
Careful to know, when diſtant on the Main,
Where cold *Bootes* drives his tardy Wain;
And where the Siſter *Pleiads* ſhew their gawdy Train.
Thus did the Love of Arts and Trade invite,
And People, far dis-joyn'd, in Social Bands unite.
But that which moſt the *Tyrian* Strength maintains,
And thro' the Seas extends her long Domains,
Is her aſſiduous Care, and painful Life,
Free from the Miſchiefs of inteſtine Strife;
Nor has there been a Nation, on Record,
Kinder to Strangers, truer to their Word. Theſe

These things our City with Success have crown'd,
And in their Loss, her Ruine will be found.
If e'er domestick Jealousies arise,
And we, for Pleasures, useful Arts derpise;
If once we violate our plighted Trust,
And deviate from the Rules of Right and Just;
If Liberty of Commerce we deny,
And Strangers from our faithless Harbours fly;
You'll see our ebbing Happiness retire,
And mourn the Fall of what you now admire.
This may to govern well, instruct your way,
If ever you your Father's Sceptre sway;
Learn hence to treat the Strangers with Respect,
In Safety, and in Liberty, protect.
Despise the hungry Lust of sordid Gain,
Nor let Inferiours call you Proud and Vain.
Endeavour Love from Strangers to acquire,
Bear petty Wrongs, and curb your own Desire.
Whatever Laws you constitute for Trade,
Let them be plain and see them well obey'd.
The strict Restraint of wholesome Laws provide,
To punish Fraud, and Negligence, and Pride;
Yet hold not, with too rigid hand, the Reins,
Nor intercept the Merchant's lawful Gains;
His Pains encourage, by your kind Regard,
And in th' Event you'll find your own Reward.

For Commerce, chang'd by Violence and Force,
From it's own Channel to a devious Courſe,
Often like Springs obſtructed in their way,
Creeps feebly on, and does, at laſt decay.
Profit allures the foreign Trader's Heart,
Harraſs'd with Impoſts he will ſoon depart.
Who'd be involv'd in Dangers, Toil and Pains,
When the Return affords but little Gains?
Uneaſy made, he'll quickly leave your Sight,
To go where kinder Uſage does invite.
For this we now the *Tyrian* State bemoan,
And dread the Ruine of *Pygmalion*'s Throne;
Whoſe heavy Hand inflicts oppreſſing Loads,
And this illuſtrious City's Fall forebodes.
Her Traffick ſickens with the dire Affright,
And ſhines already, with a fading Light.
Pygmalion graſps at all, does all devour,
Such is his Luſt of Arbitary Pow'r.
An open Port to Strangers he denies,
The Merchant's Profit is the Tyrant's Prize.
Thus all will, by Degrees, our Harbour ſhun,
Fatal as Rocks, as ſure to be undone;
And *Tyre*, who late her Honour far diſplay'd,
To whom ſo many Nations Tribute paid,
Muſt ſink, and be in long Oblivion laid.
Her Navy, by the wond'ring World confeſs'd,
Thro' the vaſt Main, the braveſt, and the beſt. Which

Which uncontroul'd the *Tyrian* Flag has born,
With Shouts of Triumph ſhall no more return.
O! *Tyre*, theſe Glories ſhall no more be ſeen,
Yet we'll remember what Thou once haſt been;
When *Libanus* his Foreſts gave to thee,
And ſaw his Oaks tranſplanted on the Sea;
When Architects a kind Reception found,
And Induſtry with due reward was crown'd;
Then Aſtronomick Science did prevail,
And Studies of the Geometrick Scale;
Sleepleſs the Scholar paſs'd the buiſy Night,
And watch'd the rolling Orbs till Morning Light;
Our Boys cou'd, then, the Seaman's Part perform,
Manage the Tackle, and deſpiſe a Storm;
Nor was the Sailor's Merit, then, forgot,
If want of Health, or Shipwreck were is Lot,
Sick, or Diſtreſs'd, he with Supplies was fed,
And double Care (by juſt Compaſſion led)
Protected his Remains, to honour him, when Dead.
Such kind Endearments are the wiſeſt Arts
To move the Populace, and gain their Hearts.
For Publick Good they'll reſolutely dare,
When in that Good they find an equal Share.
Their juſt Rewards this Uſeful Senſe create,
They ſerve themſelves, whene'er they ſerve the State.

And

And this from Humane Nature we may find,
The ſtrongeſt Ties and fickle Souls to bind,
Are, when our Duty is with Int'reſt join'd.
Thus *Narbal* ſpake.—Then led me to behold
The Dome which does *Bellona*'s Gifts enfold,
Her Ars'nal clad in all the Fire of War,
Here for the Field the Goddeſs does prepare;
And with her plumy Creſt nods, terrible, from far.
Nor ſtop'd I here, deſirous to explore
Knowledge of Trade, I view'd the Naval Store;
Obſerv'd the Building of the lofty Pine,
And ſaw her launch'd, with Shouts, and plow the Brine;

While this Employment did my Thought engage,
Narbal reflected on *Pygmalion's* Rage;
Tho' loth to loſe me, yet he wiſh'd me gone,
Fearing Delays might draw my Ruine on.
But yet no favourable Winds wou'd blow,
To fill the flagging Sails, and let me go.

One day as we were ſtanding at the Port,
An Officer approach'd us, from the Court;
And thus to *Narbal* did his Speech direct,
The King a certain Stranger does ſuſpect,
Inform'd he paſſes by a *Cyprian* Name,
And in the Fleet with you from *Egypt* came,
If ſuch there be, examine who he is,
Or, if you fail, your Head muſt pay for his;

It

It is the Royal Mandate which I bear,
Great is your Charge, and equal be your Care.
Narbal's Reply was with Confusion made,
Who said, The King's Command shall be obey'd;
I now the Stranger am about to find,
And found, he to the King shall be resign'd.
The Messenger withdrawn, he said to me,
Dear Youth, our Danger we might well foresee;
Some kind Direction from the Gods be shown,
Your Life must be expos'd, or else my own.
What shall we do? —Oh— now I have a Thought
What you shall say when to the King you're brought,
Say, you of *Cyprus* are; and I'll declare,
As solemnly, that I have known you there,
That I have often seen your Father's Face,
Acquainted with your Parentage and Race.
This way, I think, and this alone, will do,
To blind the King, and save my self and you.
Narbal, I answer'd, I my Ruine see,
And yield, with steady Soul, to Fate's Decree;
But let not my Misfortunes fall on thee.
Give me quite up, for I'm prepar'd to die,
Rather than owe my Safety to a Lie;
My Soul abhors it; I my Life can quit,
And freely to the Gods the rest submit.
Narbal reply'd, I hate a black Intent,
Ours is a Falshood innocently meant. I in

I in this Act can no Injuſtice ſee,
Which makes the King from Guilt of Murder free;
And ſure it's lawful, at ſo hard a Time,
To ſave our Lives, and hinder ſuch a Crime.
I praiſe your Vertue; but you are too Nice,
And too much Vertue may be call'd a Vice.
Narbal, ſaid I, not all your cunning Skill,
Can hide the Falſhood, which is Falſhood ſtill;
And Falſhood is a Crime (tho' ſhewn in jeſt,)
Which wiſeſt Men, and wiſer Gods deteſt;
The Gods with Scorn inſpect a Crime ſo foul,
And view the dark Receſſes of the Soul.
An honeſt Man their Preſence will revere,
And more the Loſs of Truth than Life will fear.
O *Narbal*, I thy Love and Pity ſee,
But be as juſt to Heav'n, as kind to me.
If this be for my lateſt Hour deſign'd,
O let me leave a ſpotleſs Name behind.
Too long already is my wretched Life,
And is not worthy of this friendly Strife.
My only Sorrow is, to think that you
By Friendſhip are involv'd in Danger too.
O let the Storm on me alone deſcend;
I'll bear it all, ye Gods, but ſave my dearer Friend.
In undecided Conteſt, long we ſtrove,
By ſacred Friendſhip urg'd, and mutual Love.

At last, a Messenger to *Narbal* sent
In haste, our farther Converse did prevent.
This sudden Message from *Astarbe* came;
A Woman, in the Court, of mighty Fame;
To whom her Sex with Envy did submit,
Excell'd in Charms of Beauty, and of Wit:
A thousand Gaieties and Flatt'ries hung
Upon the Softness of her Oily Tongue;
This was the Courtizan's alluring Part;
Which hid the Malice of a cruel Heart.
Her Wit, her Beauty, and her Charming Voice,
Made her the fond *Pygmalion's* only Choice;
Who, by unlawful Passion, captive led,
Divorc'd the Royal Consort of his Bed:
Forsook the faithful, nuptial, kind Embrace,
For the false Smiles of a bewitching Face;
For one who at her Soul his Love disdain'd,
Yet outwardly the highest Transports feign'd;
Languishing Looks, and tend'rest Airs were shown,
As if she liv'd for him, and him alone.
But in the Court a *Lydian* Youth she found,
For Woman fram'd, and in those Pleasures drown'd,
In Dress and am'rous Songs he spent the Day,
And all his Business was, to love and play;
His Name was *Malachon*, for him she burn'd,
Who Coldness only for her Flames return'd.

He in another Object took Delight,
Nor wou'd *Pygmalion*'s Jealousy excite.
This was a Torment to *Astarbe*'s Pride,
And Rage the Place of slighted Love supply'd,
Her Wiles were now by Indignation mov'd,
To work his Ruine, whom before she lov'd;
And strong Resentment found a speedy Way,
The Scornful Youth with Vengeance to re-pay.
She knew that Fame had spread a late Report,
Of an *Egyptian* Stranger in the Court;
And that the King, perplex'd with Fear and Doubt,
To *Narbal* sent Command to find him out;
And to secure him Prisoner to the State,
Till he the Royal Doom shou'd farther wait.
This known, she thought Revenge might be appeas'd,
If for this Person *Malachon* were seiz'd.
The Fancy pleas'd her, and she soon deceiv'd;
Pygmalion, who whate'er she said believ'd.
And all the Court was kept by her in Fear,
Nor durst they undeceive the Royal Ear.
But in the Cheat combin'd to shun her Hate,
Who was the dreadful Mistress of their Fate.
Thus *Malachon* surpriz'd in Chains was laid,
And to a Crime, he knew not of, betray'd.
One Stratagem, alone, was wanting yet,
To finish all, and make the Trick compleat.

She fear'd that *Narbal* might the Stranger bring,
Which wou'd confront her Story to the King.
She therefore order'd he shou'd send away,
The Person sought, without the least Delay,
And to her Prudence let the rest alone,
To satisfie the King in what was done.

Narbal, o'erjoy'd, applauded the Design,
And bless'd the means to save his Life and mine.
And now the *Cyprian* Fleet prepar'd to sail,
And I with them embrac'd the lucky Gale;
Praising the Care which Heav'n, at last will take,
Of them who suffer all for Vertue's sake.
With Horrour I my last Reflexion made,
On poor *Pygmalion*, by his Vices sway'd;
To think that he at once a Slave shou'd be,
To Avarice, and wanton Luxury.
To see so great a Man, for Empire born,
By Villains so abus'd, and made a Woman's Scorn.
While I was thus revolving in my Breast,
Narbal in Terms like these his Love expres's'd.

See Dearest Youth, the Gods propitious are,
All Nature on the sudden looks more fair,
And for your Safety does, with Smiles, declare.
Fly, Fly, this hateful wretched City shun,
Nor in it stay to see another Sun.
How happy shou'd I be with you to go!
But my hard Fate will not that Bliss allow. Here

Here I am fix'd, to ſee my Country's Doom,
And in her Ruines I may find a Tomb.
But may a better Fortune light on you;
And I, tho' wretched, ſtill be juſt and true.
May Heav'n your Life with all its Bounty bleſs,
Crown you with Vertue, Vertue with Succeſs.
May you with Joy to *Ithaca* return,
And then *Penelope* ſhall ceaſe to mourn.
May you the wiſe *Ulyſſes* live to ſee,
And he rejoice to find a Son like Thee:
A Son who ſuch a genuine Stamp does bear,
And all the Vertues of his Father ſhare.
And when you all theſe Joys united find,
Then think, O think, on *Narbal* left behind.
He begs you, by this laſt, kind, dear Embrace,
In your Remembrance let him find a place.
May you ſtill love that poor unhappy Man,
As when his faithful Friendſhip firſt began.
That pleaſing Thought the gloomy Soul will cheer,
In all the Troubles which he'll ſuffer here.
These tender Words ſuch deep impreſſion made,
They cou'd in Sighs and Tears be only paid.
My Soul in Silence gave her ſad Farewel,
Oppreſt with Grief too great for Words to tell.
Our Eyes pour'd out an amicable Flood,
As, dumb with Sorrow, on the Shore we ſtood.
There *Narbal* for his Friend's Departure ſtaid,
And, at the Signal, ſaw our Anchors weigh'd.
His Eyes did, to the laſt, our Sails purſue,
Till Sea and Clouds were met, and ſhut him from my View.

The END *of the Firſt Book.*